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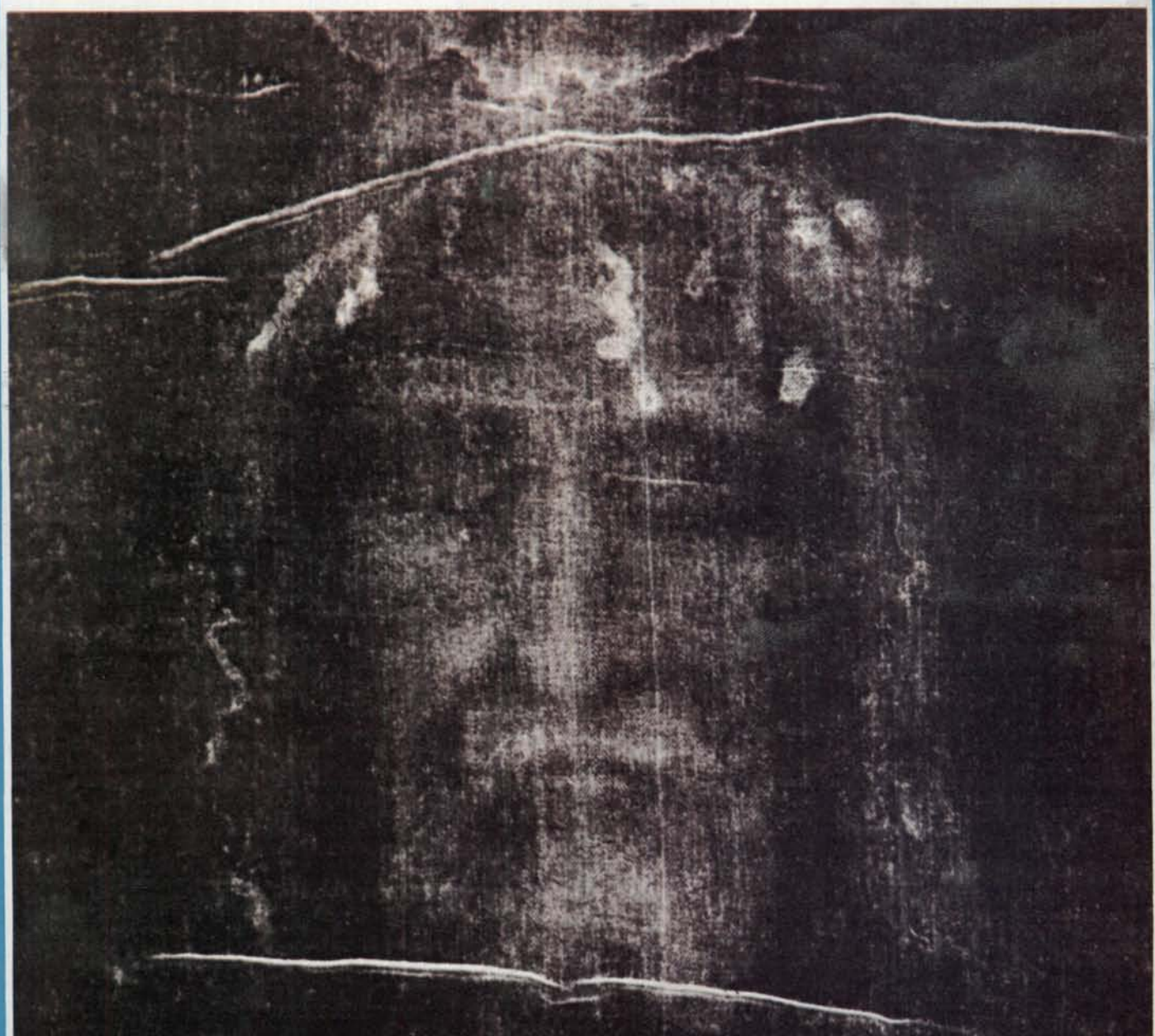
JULY 20, 1973

NR

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Rising Cost of Health and What You Can't Do about It

ALAN J. REYNOLDS



Reading the Shroud of Turin: Climax Approaching

BARBARA SU[illegible]LIVAN

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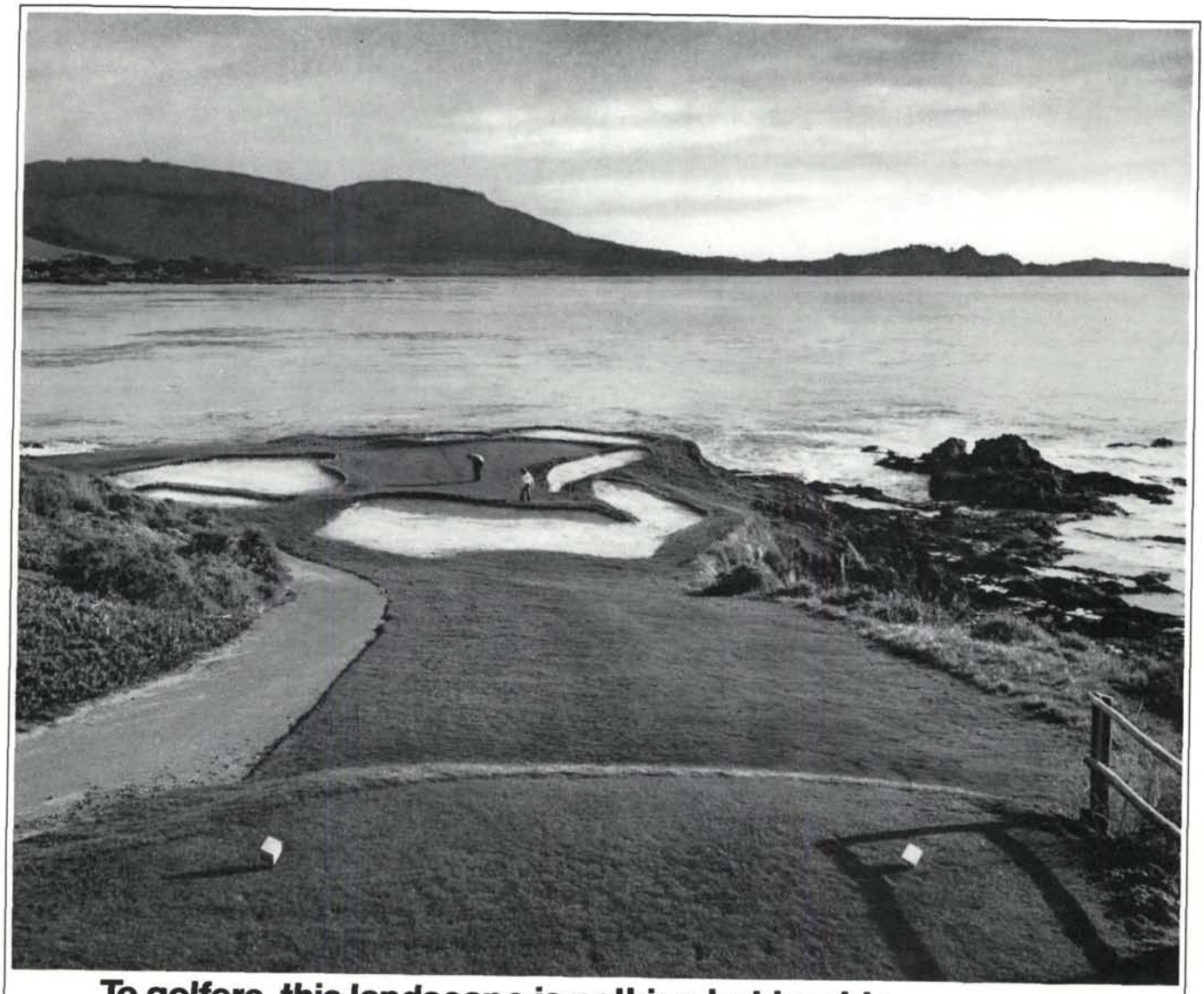

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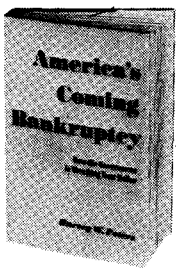
AMERICA'S COMING BANKRUPTCY



Financial counselor Harvey Peters tots up our national debts—and finds disaster.

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- Little-known Supreme Court decisions that allow the government to levy the income tax not only against income, but also against private property
- Passing on the increasing tax burden: the game nobody wins
- Why major American corporations will be worse off in the coming depression than they were in the 1930s
- How the bureaucracy defines words in ways that invite public misunderstanding
- How the American consumer is forced to pay the cost of raising capital for American business
- How nonprofit organizations spend billions inflating the economy. Why their spending has the same effect as spending by the government
- How the Kennedy Administration placed the economy in a boom-bust orbit. Causes of the balance-of-payments problem
- Alternatives to the income tax
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- Why FDR's innovations **looked** good, regardless of their merits
- The deceptive image of increasing productivity
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- Defense spending: that old red herring
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- Our passive reliance on "experts" in all walks of life
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Letters

The Man at TBR

Congratulations to Neal Freeman for his delightful "Interview with John Leonard" [July 6]. It's nice to know that the young man who sits "within fondling distance of these power levers" has such a clear view of his own power and responsibilities, although one could wish that the most powerful journal in the literary establishment were less tied to the liberal establishment.

Chicago, Ill. JULIE WILCOX

Neal Freeman's portrait of John Leonard was fascinating—especially, for me, the ways in which Mr. Leonard's NATIONAL REVIEW experience has influenced his running of the *Times Book Review*. However, there was one thing that puzzled me. While I know that everything he says about Bill Buckley's willingness to take a chance on unknown writers is true, still, it was my understanding that much of the credit in the particular cases he mentions—Joan Didion, for example, and Renata Adler —should go to Frank Meyer, who ran the book section so brilliantly for so long.

New Haven, Conn. RICHARD ELLIOTT

Murphy and Lin

I found Charles J. V. Murphy's article "Who Killed Lin Piao?" [June 8] excellent. The analysis is about the same as that of Father Ladányi S.J. (a Catholic in spite of being a Jesuit) and coincides with everything I know about China. A pity that the author did not say a few words about the immense material (and moral) damage caused by the Cultural Revolution. Of course, the whole issue is not finished and what really will happen to China is anybody's guess.

Lans, Tyrol ERIK V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

This is by way of addendum to Mr. Murphy's very readable summary of the Lin Piao affair. An official version of the circumstances leading to the death of Lin Piao *was* divulged to the Chinese people at special commune-level meetings. Although actual copies of the central authorities' documents read at such meetings have not, to my knowledge, reached the West, a fraction of the audience did turn up, shortly thereafter, as refugees in Hong Kong and Taiwan. Here, for example, is an abbreviated account of the interesting proceedings at a meeting held in November 1971 in T'ang Hsia Commune, Tung Kuan County, Kwangtung Province. (The informant escaped to Hong Kong in December 1971.)

The meeting site was guarded by armed militia. Only poor and lower-middle-class peasants (the "good" categories, or classes, of the Communist Chinese countryside) were allowed to attend; members of the "seven-black" categories were rounded up temporarily elsewhere. Overseas Chinese residents, regardless of the category to which they belonged, were barred from the meeting, since Tung Kuan was near the Hong Kong border. No note-taking was permitted, and warning was given that discussion with outsiders after the meeting was forbidden. (However, people did talk afterward and the content of the documents read became general knowledge.)

The chairman of the Revolutionary Committee read aloud three documents in Cantonese translation from the original Mandarin (with further interpolations in Cantonese, so that the words would make sense to the uneducated). The first document announced that Lin Piao had long schemed to seize control of the Party, government, and military authority. He had assigned his son, Lin Li-kuo, as deputy air-force commander of the Lanchou Military Area and sent him on many missions throughout the country to plot insurgency. His son had established a personal insurgency unit at Pai Yün Shan Air Force Base in Canton.

In 1971 Lin Piao had proposed four times to Mao that he convene the (overdue) People's Congress, in order to elect a new president. On September 9, 1971, when Mao was to go to Shanghai by train, Lin Piao had poison gas and a time bomb installed in Mao's compartment.

The second document stated that this assassination attempt had failed. The poison gas and bomb were discovered, Mao canceled his trip and returned to Peking. When Lin learned of Mao's sudden return, he became frightened and decided to flee to the Soviet Union, but first sent his son to fetch some secret papers and the insurgency plans from home. His son ransacked the house for all the vital papers,

(Continues on page 767)

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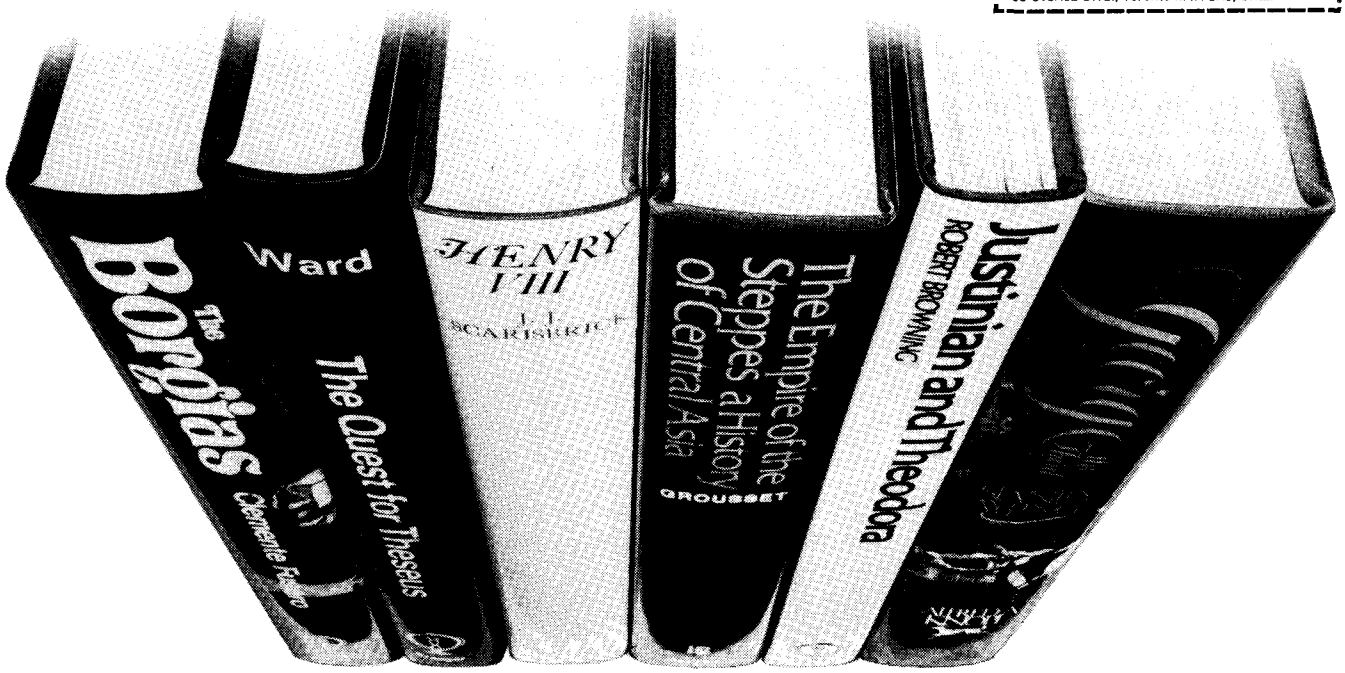

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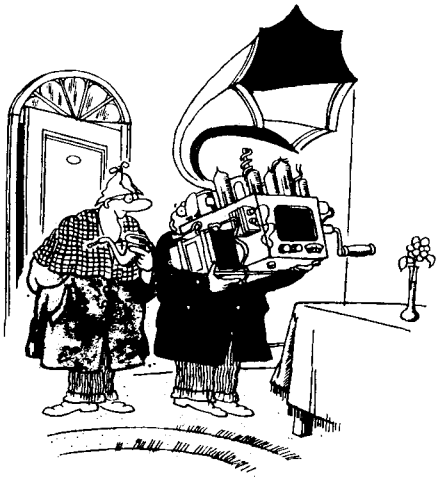
FOR THE RECORD

■ At opening of the 64th annual **NAACP** convention in Indianapolis, **Roy Wilkins**, bucking the current mood among black leaders, said he was against impeachment of the **President** and against the President's resignation on the "basis of evidence submitted thus far." His statement came a few days after **John Dean** disclosed the "enemies list" which named *all* members of the congressional Black Caucus. . . . **Clark MacGregor**, who headed **Committee To Re-elect the President** after **John Mitchell** resigned, says he's still bewildered at hearing what went on in the Committee while he headed it. **Jeb Magruder**, MacGregor's deputy, testified before the **Ervin** committee that MacGregor "was [kept] completely in the dark throughout the campaign." . . . Former **McGovern** aide **Gary Hart** says he doesn't think the election results would have changed even if **Watergate** had broken last fall. "We might as well have hung up our gloves," he said, after **Thomas Eagleton** had to be replaced by **Sargent Shriver**. . . . Other Watergate developments: **William Ruckelshaus**, appointed acting director of the **FBI** when **Patrick Gray**'s nomination was withdrawn, says he will probably return to Indiana to teach or write. Does he plan to run for the Senate next year against **Birch Bayh**? No, says Ruckelshaus. Might he be interested in running in '76 against **Vance Hartke** who almost lost his race in 1970? Maybe, says Ruckelshaus.

■ **William Kintner**, a strategy expert at the **University of Pennsylvania Foreign Policy Research Institute**, will be named to the sensitive post of ambassador to Thailand. . . . ***William A. Rusher***, *NR* publisher; will become the third (after **WFB** and **Jeffrey Hart**) senior *NR* staffer to become a syndicated columnist in early August as "The Conservative Advocate," Universal Press Syndicate. . . . **Howard Phillips**, who was forced out as the head of the **OEO** last week, has not been squelched. He says he plans to return to Massachusetts and run for office there in the not-so-distant future. . . . The Ohio Supreme Court has ruled that conservative state Senator **Donald "Buz" Lukens** cannot run for governor next year on an election-law technicality (Lukens was late reporting campaign expenses). This would seem to clear the field for two-time GOP Governor **James Rhodes** who plans to take on Democratic Governor **John Gilligan**. Possible problem for Rhodes: Rep. **John Ashbrook** could be interested in that race, but he's more likely to run for the Senate if Republican Senator **William Saxbe** decides to retire. . . . In Maryland, state Senator **Robert Bauman** (former **YAF** national Chairman, former legislative aide to House leader **Charles Halleck**) is running for the seat of the late **William Miller**. Primary July 10th, election August 21st. . . . YAF's national convention is scheduled for August 15-19 this year. Place: Sheraton Park Hotel, Washington, D.C. Speakers: **Ashbrook**, Buckley (W.F.), **Goldwater**, **Helms** (Sen. **Jesse**), and **Kahn** (**Herman**). For info write YAF, 1221 Mass. Ave., N.W., Wash. D.C. 20005, or phone (202) 347-8688.



Albert, *Punch* — Ben Roth Agency

"Right, Watson, I'll keep a lookout, while you plant the bug."

■ Just a fortnight before the assassination of Israeli Col. **Yosef Alon** in Washington, **Yasser Arafat**, head of the Palestine guerrillas, told a Paris radio reporter that the guerrillas would "mount an action against Israel every day in 1973." . . . Sign of U.S.-Egyptian relations: When **Joseph Greene Jr.**, the ranking U.S. diplomat in Cairo, left Egypt after 16 months, there was no Egyptian official to see him off. There are no plans for his replacement. . . . France, Great Britain, and West Germany have now agreed to the demand of Col. **Qaddafi** of Libya that all passports of foreign personnel working in Libya shall be in Arabic as well as in their own language. . . . Qaddafi, incidentally, was blasted in the Soviet magazine *Literaturnaya Gazeta* a fortnight ago for "doing harm to the national liberation movements." Reason: Qaddafi has cracked down on local Communists, plus it is in Russia's interest to put any wrench it can into approaching Libyan-Egyptian federation. . . . Touching: **Leonid Brezhnev** arrived back in Moscow with a present from U.S. Communist leaders **Gus Hall** and **Henry Winston**: a life-sized drawing of himself by New York artist **Al Sherman**. (In exchange Hall and Winston received an "original," "new" painting of Lenin.)

■ How, if you're an underdeveloped nation, do you set up a national airline and make it pay? Simple. You adopt President **Mobuto Sese Seko**'s new "Air Zaire Fare" plan which is that any citizen of Zaire (the former Belgian Congo) traveling anywhere in the world, will be required if he is riding a foreign carrier to pay the equivalent currency).

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Right now, many economists are utterly convinced the depression is coming, soon, and the economic indexes support that contention right down the line!

THE EVIDENCE IS OVERWHELMING!

Certainly, the market is anything but sound and the European markets are in substantially worse shape.

We have been forced to devalue the dollar **twice** and these are only stop-gap measures! We still have a dangerously unfavorable balance of trade; we owe 80 billions in gold, but our monetary gold reserves total less than 15 billion!

We can't compete with the Japanese or Europeans right here at home in our own market-place, let alone overseas, not only because our labor costs are too high, but because our machine tools are obsolete and our manufacturing techniques are out-moded. (Our heavy industry remains virtually unchanged since before World War II, but the German and Japanese tools and techniques are **post** World War II and thus vastly more efficient).

Inflation is worse than ever and unemployment remains a serious problem . . . over 5% nationally and above 10% in some areas.

18,000,000 Americans are on welfare, over 4,000,000 are unemployed and 25,000,000 are living under poverty conditions!

In most urban areas, prime office space is vacant . . . in New York and other big cities, landlords are abandoning once lucrative properties. In the world of high finance, where the goal was diversification and the watch-word was acquisition, the cry is now **divestiture!** Pare down! Get ready!

Look at our cities! Municipal governments virtually bankrupt! A shortage of housing, an overabundance of people, a racial problem growing worse instead of better! Air and water polluted. Education deteriorating, drug usage and violent crime on the rise, Police, firemen, street cleaners and other civil servants demanding higher and higher wages, and no end in sight!

And it's the same story all over the world!

In the once prosperous Ruhr Valley, the blast furnaces are growing cold, the steel mills are shutting down, and heavy industries are grinding to a standstill. Unemployment in Germany, the most prosperous nation in Europe, is increasing rapidly and it's the same in Britain, Italy, France, the Scandinavian Countries and, in fact, throughout the world!

The economy is shakier now than at any time since World War II, it is getting shakier by the minute, and not only is an imminent depression a certainty in the minds of many economists, but in many areas of the nation and the world it has already arrived!

The question is no longer, "Is it going to happen?" The question is, "What are you going to do to prepare yourself, to keep your holdings intact, and even make money from the opportunities that invariable present themselves?"

You don't have to be a millionaire to turn the depression to your advantage! In every depression, there have always been men who made money while others were going broke. There have always been businesses that flourished while others were going under. There have always been stocks that were going up while most were going down.

And there have always been men living securely and well while others were scuffling merely to stay alive!

There are techniques to use, there are methods that work! You don't buck the tide, you swim with it. You don't fight the depression. You join it! And you do it with knowledge. With know-how. By knowing what to do and how and when to do it!

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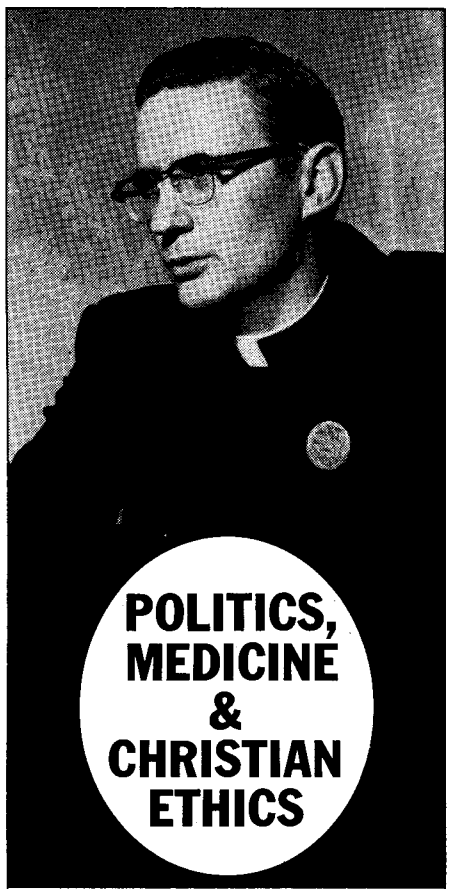

a dialogue with Paul Ramsey

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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXV No. 29 JULY 20, 1973

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . *NR* presents an important piece based upon original research by our own sindonologist. That's right, sindonologist—an expert on the Holy Shroud long preserved in the Cathedral at Turin. Astonishingly enough, the Shroud probably provides us with what amounts to a photograph of Jesus Christ. Several years ago, **Barbara M. Sullivan** undertook to write some children's stories, and selected the Shroud as one subject. This drew her into the available scholarship on the subject, which, in turn, drew her into close work on photographs of the Shroud, and this led to the discoveries on which she here reports. Mrs. Sullivan, the mother of six children, lives in Carmel, New York, and is preparing a full-scale monograph on the Shroud. . . . **Alan Reynolds** explains why Teddy Kennedy and the Brookings Institution do not have the answer to rising hospital and medical costs, and comes up with some practical proposals of his own. . . . Adolf Hitler is a big growth item in publishing and elsewhere these days, and before leaving for Cape Cod recently **David Brudnoy** took in that Alec Guinness movie, *Hitler: The Last Ten Days*. He knows how the movie should have been made. . . . Like an increasing number of scholars, **Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn** does not consider the National Socialist phenomenon unique or discontinuous with past and present. Not all of the Nazi policies went down with the Bunker, he says, far from it. . . . **Keith Mano** is already preparing to celebrate America's two-hundredth anniversary and he thinks he knows how to create a big splash. . . . **Robert P. Novak** has read Gary Hart, for which we herewith grant him a plenary indulgence, and he finds that, *mirabile dictu*, many Democrats have not yet absorbed the lessons of the McGovern disaster. The 1976 Republican nomination may be worth having, after all . . .

—JH

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(Continued from page 762)

and was seen and questioned by his younger sister, Lin To-to. He told her of their plans and strongly advised her to join them, saying that she could remain only at her own risk. It so happened, however, that Lin To-to was on strained terms with her father, who wanted her to marry the air-force commander of the Nanking Military Area; but, in love with someone else, she had stubbornly refused. She telephoned Chou En-lai and revealed the escape plan. Chou immediately sent vehicles to block the runway and prevent takeoff. The plane—one of three Tridents purchased for the personal use each of Lin, Chou, and Mao—took off anyway in steep ascent, necessitating an excess consumption of fuel. It was for this reason that the plane ran out of fuel and crashed later in Outer Mongolia. Five (sic) bodies were found at the crash site—those of Lin, his wife and son, a man named Liu, and the pilot. Because of his haste, Lin Piao had not had time to notify his important lieutenants to accompany him; all of them were relieved of their posts, arrested, and investigated.

It had been Lin's original plan, according to this document, to set up a new central authority, after the assassination of Mao, at Peitaiho, in order to launch a civil war against the authorities in Peking.

The second document also attempted to derogate the publicly known achievements of Lin Piao. Two illustrations were given: 1) In 1938, during the land reform in north Shansi Province, Lin Piao already demonstrated rightist tendencies by commenting that the measures for struggling against the landlords were too brutal and cruel. Mao had to write him letters constantly to educate him, with only gradual effect. 2) Lin Piao won only one victory in all his military career—the battle of the P'ing Hsing Pass against the Japanese. However, immediately after the battle, he allowed pride and vanity to go to his head. Donning a Japanese officer's uniform, helmet, and sword (highly superior in quality to the Chinese uniforms of that time), he mounted a horse and strutted about the still unevacuated battlefield. The result was that one of his own soldiers shot at him—hence his battle wound.

The third document dealt with the treasonous activities of Chen Po-ta. It also gave instructions for the removal and collection of all portraits of Lin Piao and Chen Po-ta, elimination of references to them in printed texts, etc.

After the reading of the three documents, the few hundred persons present at the meeting were divided into small discussion groups, each with its own leader, to mouth and rehash everything that had been heard. The "discussion" continued for three days.

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(Continues on page 805)

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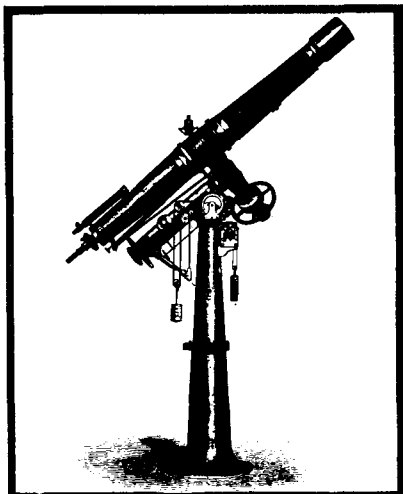

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THE WEEK

■ It is our duty to report that Porte Tolle, Italy, is recovering from a crocodile scare after the recapture of a 20-inch circus croc named Jao, that a cow named Mimosa has been exhibited at the annual cattle fair in Belo Horizonte, Minas Gerais, Brazil, by virtue of having given birth to 17 calves in eight years, that the world's only Liederkranz cheese factory has been largely destroyed by fire in Van Wert, Ohio, that the Girl Scouts of America are considering a sex education merit badge, that the Soviet Union has expanded acceptance of Diner's Club cards to cover twelve more of its tourist facilities, that in San Rafael, California, prison inmates Anthony Estrada, 39, and Glen E. Watts, 47, have sued warden Louis Nelson to let them bunk together on grounds they were married in 1971 by mail order, that Prince Makhosini Diamini, the prime minister, has banned the showing of the *Last Tango in Paris* in Swaziland, and that an intensive British study of 1,474 portraits indicates that 60 per cent of them were painted with the left cheek forward. Now back to the hearings.

■ Under severe legislative pressure from Congress, the President has now agreed to seek congressional authority for any military action in Indochina after August 15—which means, most immediately, that bombing will have to cease in Cambodia by that date. Practically speaking, bombing will probably cease almost immediately. The announced deadline has the effect of removing from the bombing any military or diplomatic leverage it may have possessed. Perhaps the Administration now hopes, on the basis of understandings with Moscow and Peking, that the Indochinese Communists will be under some restraint. Whether such understandings exist, or will be effective, events alone will show. Meanwhile, the Watergate tide continues to overwhelm us. It is inconceivable that commander in chief Nixon would give way on this point except for Watergate. His fussy insistence on the separation of powers when these call for him to refuse to answer questions from the Senate committee is a contrast to his laying down the mantle of commander in chief.

■ The Army is having trouble attracting enough volunteers into infantry, armor, and artillery. To keep the problem in perspective, the Army's enlistment shortfall in May was less than three thousand—which compares with 18,900 who *did* volunteer in all branches of the armed services, and an active-force level of about 2.2 million men. Because a one-month increase in the bonus for combat volunteers didn't yield dramatic results (school isn't out until June, and the bonus wasn't widely publicized), one journalist concluded that "money will not buy recruits." Taken literally, that means that *no* amount of money—not another $1,000 or $10,000 or $100,000—will attract the extra three thousand men. A more precise formulation is made by Joseph A. Califano Jr., former aide to President Johnson, who simply believes the $3.1-billion cost of an all-volunteer army is "too much to invest" (new recruits are now billing taxpayers to the tune of $307 a month). Some congressmen and military officers don't like to bother with recruitment and personnel problems—any employer would prefer conscription—but few are advocating that we draft senators and colonels. Stick with it, we say, and explore peripheral benefits. There's gold there in these peripheral benefits, which by the way includes Duty, Honor, Country.

■ A freeze on food prices, the *New York Times* editorialized a week before the fact, "might not be the unmitigated disaster the Administration believes." Then again, it *might* be an unmitigated disaster, and indeed it already is. Thousands of baby chicks have been drowned or smothered; pregnant sows, laying hens, and dairy cows have been slaughtered. Swift and Durkee have shut down production of margarine. Canning has stopped or slowed. General Foods has cut deliveries. The Millers National Federation is considering stopping flour shipments. Celery, tomatoes, potatoes, strawberries, and plums are already in short supply. As more and more foods disappear from the supermarket shelves, housewives can take comfort in the fact that *if* the foods were available they would not have gone up in price.

■ Years ago, it seems, Denver school-district officials, in drawing up school boundaries, so arranged things that white and black pupils in the northwestern part of town would go to separate schools. Such gerrymandering in some of Denver's schools, the Supreme Court has now ruled (7 to 1), creates the presumption of similar shuffling in all the city's schools, and amounts to de jure (i.e., unconstitutional) segregation. The Court avoided the touchy question of whether de facto segregation is unconstitutional, but did make it clear that it will construe de jure broadly; so broadly that a) integrationists will henceforth invoke any available traces of gerrymandering in their court battles, and b) whites in general may tend—now more than ever—to give as wide a berth as possible to the big cities c) which will therefore become ever more effectively sealed off from the rest of the country, unless massive cross-district busing becomes the law of the land.

■ The maximum Social Security tax will rise again next year by 16.6 per cent—up from $45 in 1950 to $737 in 1974. The tax increase is designed to finance a 5.6 per cent "cost-of-living" increase in Social Security benefits, though benefits have risen almost three times faster than living costs in recent years. Understandable concern for the elderly poor has kept Social Security immune from

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criticism, though this should be mitigated by concern for the impact of related taxes on the working poor. Besides, some ten million of the 28 million Social Security beneficiaries are under sixty years of age—a fact that prompted *Moneysworth* to issue a booklet on "How To Work the Social Security Gold Mine." Among the aged, the greatest beneficiaries of Social Security are surely the affluent retirees who work fewer years than the poor, live longer, receive larger benefits, and benefit most from the tax-exempt status of the benefits. The poor, by contrast, often can't afford to retire on Social Security benefits, and if they earn as much as (as little as) $8,500 per year, they lose *all* benefits for that year. Thus the working poor can pay in all their lives, and take out: Nothing.

■ While admitting that floating exchange rates have avoided another monetary crisis, Federal Reserve Chief Arthur Burns agrees with Under Secretary of the Treasury Paul Volker that there has been an "unnecessary depreciation of the dollar." Neither gentleman was so impolite as to mention the role of President Nixon's latest economic games in: 1) increasing uncertainty about U.S. business conditions; 2) raising the specter of export controls—already imposed on soybeans, cottonseed, and scrap metal—and therefore limiting the buying power of foreign-held dollars; and 3) thereby increasing the already troublesome trade deficit. Nixon managed to make two devaluations sound like a sign of strength, and then, when the devaluations began to achieve the desired effect of increasing exports, to make export-controls into a clever device for controlling greedy foreigners.

■ Chile is divided into three parts: 1) President Salvador Allende and his ruling leftist coalition, 2) the opposition, which controls both houses of Parliament, 3) an army that believes in constitutional government. So what happened last week? After several months of a crippling strike in the major copper mines, and sympathy strikes and marches around the country, one army regiment tried to topple the government. The army itself immediately moved in, broke the revolt, and retired. President Allende, who shut down the opposition *El Mercurio* for a week late in June and threatened to outlaw two right-wing parties, said to himself, this is the moment, this is the provocation I have needed, and asked parliament to escalate the current "state of emergency" into a "state of siege." (Under a state of siege, all civil rights are suspended, the government can arrest anyone without warrant.) But parliament said no. And that's where the situation is at this writing. Allende can't force any more of his Marxist measures through the parliament; the opposition has no constitutional means of unseating him with the present majority; the army declines to intervene.

■ Last year, after four government officials were killed by Marxist guerrillas, the Uruguayan Congress gave the army sweeping powers to destroy the rebels, and once it was let out of the closet the army never went back in. After vigorously liquidating the rebels, the military turned its attention to governing Uruguay. Last week the final flicker of Uruguayan democracy was snuffed out. President Juan María Bordaberry, a minion of the army, announced that he was abolishing Congress and replacing it with a Council of State whose members would be appointed by the military. With the addition of 2.8 million Uruguayans, there are now more than 132 million South Americans ruled by military-controlled governments. That makes two-thirds of the population of South America.

■ Maryland's Court of Special Appeals has overturned the unusual sentence of a confessed murderer-rapist that would have compelled him to pay the victim's children 40 per cent of his wages indefinitely as restitution, ruling that such sentence "is akin to subjecting him to a state of peonage." Federal, state, and local taxes now consume more than 40 per cent of all Americans' wages and are rising.

■ LET'S-GIVE-'EM-A-FAIR-TRIAL-BEFORE-WE-STRING-'EM-UP DEPT.: Maryland's Governor Marvin Mandel in a commencement speech: "A few grubby little men have humbled this once proud and mighty nation. . . . The arrogant private army of corrupters had its origins in the hyphenated law firms of Wall Street, the advertising agencies of Madison Avenue and Disneyland, and the board rooms of the most powerful industrial giants in America. *I do not assign guilt, or convict in public.* I simply point out that the names of Mitchell, Stans, Mardian, Colson, Dean, Magruder, Kleindienst, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Krogh, and all the *other* closet conspirators, have never appeared on a ballot anywhere in this nation." *Our* emphasis.

■ Cato reported in the last issue that the 1968 Act tightening the laws against extemporaneous wiretapping imposes a penalty of $100 per day against every convicted defendant who had a hand in tapping a plaintiff's phone, and that in the case of Henry Kissinger, as one of 13 defendants in the lawsuit filed by Morton Halperin, this could come to $75,000. Mr. Kissinger advises us that a) when the tap in question was installed, it was not thought to be illegal, that it became "illegal" as the result of a ruling by the Supreme Court a year later; b) Mr. Kissinger did not initiate the tap, the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation did, with the acquiescence of the President; so that it is c) doubtful that the civil suit is more than a publicity stunt, and d) inconceivable that a jury would, under the circumstances, invoke the 1968 penalties. We agree.

■ "The lesson that government price fixing doesn't work is never learned"—Richard M. Nixon (1965).

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A Line Must Be Drawn Somewhere

"Watergate" has become a maze with myriad corridors. Once in, it is easy to get lost and impossible not to be frequently perplexed. But let us pursue one passage as far, at least, as the next turning.

The testimony and documents that have been made public in or through one forum or another since the break-in at the Democratic Party headquarters on June 17, 1972 have shown beyond reasonable doubt that President Nixon's immediate staff have attempted to use and have in fact used official agencies of the United States Government for partisan, factional, and personal ends unrelated to the public and national purposes for which these agencies have been created and funded by law.

The evidence and indications are that this sort of thing was not the occasional deviation of a few individuals but, in intent at least, part of the operational style of the White House staff as a whole, inclusive of its topmost echelons. There does not seem to have been noticeable disagreement about the propriety and utility of seeking, in John Dean's Johnsonian-manqué phrase, "to maximize the incumbency" and in the course of so doing "to use the available federal machinery to screw our political enemies," a couple of hundred of whom were listed for the convenience of those concerned on a master "Opponents' List and Political Enemies Project." (How superbly ironic, for those who vividly recall the earlier days of Richard Nixon's public career, that on this 1971 list of opponents and political enemies there does not appear the name of the Communist Party or of a single individual Communist.)

Pursuant to this directing strategy, the White House urged the Internal Revenue Service to audit tax returns as a mode of harassment of Enemies, or to treat gently the tax problems of friends. The FBI was pushed into an investigation of a CBS newsman—to be later explained as a check bearing on his nonexistent nomination to a federal post. The Acting Director of the FBI was induced to destroy evidence placed in his custody. A multiple attempt was made to get the Central Intelligence Agency to aid the coverup of the Watergate affair and the shady handling of some of the Nixon campaign funds by attesting falsely that an investigation might jeopardize certain CIA operations. Various individuals were subjected to clandestine surveillance and bugging by or with the indirect aid of governmental agencies or officials. And so on.

Now it is true that every Administration in the history of this and no doubt all other countries has used official government agencies to feather its own instead of the public nest. Friends are rewarded and opponents punished. That is the way it goes. It would be naive to expect purity in these matters. Moreover, most rulers and ruling groups confound almost hypnotically the public interest with their own, so that after a time they tend to lose the power of making the distinction between the two.

All the more reason, then, why we, the citizens, should insist on the distinction and denounce its blurring even as we realize this will never be wholly honored in practice. Such a distinction is precisely what separates a constitutional government of free citizens from a despotic police state. In a constitutional government the rulers, too, are subject to the law. In a despotism, the law and the police are in the last analysis instruments through which the rulers exercise their power over their subjects.

Moreover, differences in degree are still differences. We are all sinners, but this does not erase the difference between venial and mortal sinning. If it is never quite certain in real life as opposed to abstract reason just exactly where the line is to be drawn, still it's got to be drawn somewhere.

The evidence, not so much on Watergate as a single episode as on Watergate in its broadest sense as meaning the pattern of conduct, the *gestalt* of the Nixon Administration, shows that its drawing of the line has been a good deal too far over on the police-state, despotism side. Fortunately many of the plans and schemes were silly as well as vicious. Fortunately, too, the institutions most critical for maintaining the crucial distinction—the intelligence and law-enforcement agencies—proved fairly resistant to these bumbling proto-Machiavellis. But the atmosphere, the smell, is bad: All the secrets, the hundred-dollar bills, the propensity for clandestine rather than open routes, the spreading political paranoia that finds "enemies" in every nook and cranny. That's the police-state smell. It needs fumigating.

Support Your Local Police

In its recent anti-pornography decisions, the Supreme Court has emphatically reaffirmed a principle which, it is startling to be reminded, even the Warren Court never denied: "that obscene material is unprotected by the

"Now the FDA demands that we prove our claim that 'cigarette smoking is harmful to your health.' "

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, now Mr. Nixon's principal White House adviser, won his first clash with National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger. As Congress moves to cut off the bombing and other U.S. military activity in Cambodia and Laos, a liberal Republican senator on the Foreign Relations Committee called Kissinger to see if the White House would accept a compromise that would allow a few weeks more bombing (until August 15) but would then extend the bombing ban to North and South Vietnam. Kissinger, who thinks he has the North Vietnamese believing we could bomb them if their ceasefire violations become too flagrant, said no. He said he would urge the President to veto such an extended ban. But when some other legislators did an end run around Kissinger, approaching Laird with the same plan, Laird bought it and sold it to the President. Washington soothsayers, a proliferating breed, cite this as new evidence that Kissinger's White House days are numbered.

■ Watergate Briefs: Senator Joseph Montoya (D., N.M.), a member of the Senate Watergate committee, may have benefited in his 1970 re-election campaign from a technique similar to that used by the Nixon re-election committee to hide the sources of campaign funds. The technique is called "laundering" funds, and involves funneling contributions through phony committees or foreign banks. Investigators believe as much as $100,000 was "laundered" for Montoya to obscure the fact that it came from sources (e.g., big labor) that New Mexico voters might not like. . . . Melvin Laird says the President will hold a press conference "when we get near the conclusion of the hearings." If that means after testimony from the major remaining witnesses—John Mitchell, H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, David Young, Egil Krogh, Gordon Strachan, Richard Moore, Robert Mardian, Herbert Kalmbach, Charles Colson—the press conference probably will not come until autumn. . . . The offices of Archibald Cox, special Watergate prosecutor, are as secure as current technology can make them. On the ninth floor of the 1425 K Street building is a metal door, behind which sits an armed guard. There are green badges and yellow badges to distinguish the status of visitors and employees, and not all employees have access to all files. The restroom doors have combination locks.

■ The attack on the President's foreign policy in Asia is being matched by the congressional attack on the President's program of cuts in domestic spending. The most recent example: The House of Representatives, which is considered generally more conservative than the Senate these days, voted 347-58 to increase the President's budget for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare by $1.26 billion, and to extend the life of the Office of Economic Opportunity, which the President wanted to end by June 30. Whatever happens at OEO, will happen under a new director. The President's first appointee as "acting director," Howard Phillips, has resigned and been replaced by "director-designate" Alvin J. Arnett.

■ The emergency embargo on the export of soybeans may bring down the price of animal feed, and all foods derived therefrom. But its immediate impact will be damage to the balance of payments, and unhappiness in Japan, which imports soybeans, and is already having problems with its protein supply because of polluted fishing waters near home.

■ Business was good on the lecture circuit for senators during 1972. They earned $590,217. Top money earner was Republican National Chairman Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, $33,050. His top event was when Tulane University in New Orleans paid him $5,000. Senator Hubert Humphrey (D., Minn.) was second with $29,135, down from his league-leading total of $83,451 in 1971 when he was paying off bills piled up during his 1970 Senate campaign. Sen. Birch Bayh (D., Ind.) was third with $26,500, the biggest slice of which came from Jewish organizations. James Buckley (C.-R., N.Y.) was fourth, $25,-105. Mike Gravel (D., Alaska) was fifth with $23,725, the wages, in part, of enthusiasm for the trans-Alaska oil pipeline. Other heavy hitters: Harrison Williams (D., N.J.), $22,850; Hugh Scott (R., Pa.), $21,400; John Sparkman (D., Ala.), Chairman of the Banking Committee, $21,000; also, John Tunney (D., Calif.), $20,960; Gale McGee (D., Wyo.), $19,125; William Proxmire (D., Wis.), $17,250; Thomas Eagleton (D., Mo.), $16,950; Harold Hughes (D., Iowa), $15,810. As the figures indicate, Democratic senators get most of the gravy.

—CATO

First Amendment." The recent explosion of salacity is traceable, however, to an elastic clause that has effectively undermined that principle. In deciding *Memoirs* v. *Massachusetts* (1966), three members of the majority held that obscene material must be proved by the prosecution to be "utterly without redeeming social value."

This vague criterion, so difficult to apply, has been superseded by the Court's new rulings. Insisting on the distinction between the legitimate expression of ideas and "works which [merely] depict or describe sexual conduct," Chief Justice Burger wrote: "The conduct must be specifically defined by the applicable state law, as written or authoritatively construed. A state offense must also be limited to works which, taken as a whole, appeal to the prurient interest in sex, which portray sexual conduct in a patently offensive way, and which, taken as a whole, do not have serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value." "Taken as a whole": A scene of gross sensuality is not "redeemed" merely because the participants "simultaneously engage in a vapid political dialogue." And Justice Burger added a rhetorical question which by itself goes a long way toward undoing the ACLU (and William O. Douglas) interpretation of the First Amendment: If (he asked) we grant that good books tend, morally and intellectually, to elevate men and communities, how can we deny the states' right to act on the corollary, namely, that obscene books tend to degrade men and communities?

But just as important as the Court's stand on obscenity is its willingness to refer the matter to the states themselves for specific application. As Burger put it: "It is neither realistic nor constitutionally sound to read the

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"Let's hope he stays patched up."

First Amendment as requiring that the people of Maine or Mississippi accept public depiction of conduct found tolerable in Las Vegas, or in New York City."

Justice Douglas' reaction to all this was reassuringly hysterical. Who is to define "obscenity"? Who is to say what is "offensive"? etc. We may now be in for "raids on libraries." It may now be "possible to ban any paper or journal or magazine in some benighted place." And who is to say what is "benighted"? Justice Douglas, we must assume.

Reagan to the Barricades

Since his election in 1966, Governor Ronald Reagan has been engaged in a fiscal tug-of-war with the California state legislature. Sometimes the governor has prevailed in his efforts to hold down spending. Sometimes the legislature has prevailed. Nevertheless, Californians are now paying total taxes approaching 40 cents on their income dollar.

The governor believes, profoundly and passionately, that we are approaching the point of confiscatory taxation, if indeed we have not already reached it, and that this in turn would fundamentally alter our political and social system. He knows that totalitarianism does not always announce itself with a beer-hall putsch or a march on the Winter Palace. He believes that we may now be confronting our last opportunity to prevent irreversible changes from taking place.

He therefore established a task force of economists with a mandate to study methods of tax limitation and deduction and come up with proposals. Its recommendations constitute the substance of his constitutional amendment. Petitions calling for a vote on the amendment have now accumulated the necessary 500,000 signatures of registered voters, and the governor has set the vote for November 6.

Under the Reagan amendment a statutory limit would be set on the proportion of total income of California residents that could be taxed by the state. Each year, a three-member board called the Economic Estimates Commission would determine the amount available for appropriation, and the legislature would have to operate within that sum, with some exceptions possible in case of emergency. The Commission would base its calculations on estimates by the U.S. Department of Commerce of the total personal income of California residents, on federal estimates of the cost of living in the consumer price index, and estimates of state population.

In the opinion of leading economists such as Milton Friedman the plan is a sound one. It is furiously opposed by every interest group in the state dependent for aggrandizement on the public treasury.

Footnote to Reagan

Those who were most confident about wage and price controls in 1971—notably, Arthur Burns, John Kenneth Galbraith, Pierre Rinfret, and the *New York Times*—are now advocating a tax increase as the solution to our economic ills. By following their advice before, we managed to replace a 3.8 per cent inflation rate with a 9.2 per cent rate, and to reduce indices of consumer confidence to the lowest level since the 1970 recession. So, on the theory that liberal economists aren't consistent enough to be wrong twice in a row, we are now asked to return to the "orthodox" Keynesian remedy of a tax increase.

Given the nature of the legislative process, such a tax boost couldn't possibly be enacted and put into effect before next year. So, the proposal boils down to the desirability or "inevitability" of a federal tax increase in 1974. Speaking before the Tax Foundation last December, Columbia professor Raymond Saulnier offered three objections to such a tax increase:

"First, if the problem is a chronic tendency for spending plans to outrun tax receipts, as seems the case; if taxes are already so high as to provoke widespread public discontent, as they most certainly are; and if a significant increase in tax rates would seriously deter economic incentive and efficiency, as I believe it would—to raise taxes is not the solution to large and chronic budget deficits. Moreover, there is reason to believe . . . that to raise taxes in such circumstances simply encourages a continuation of spending and yields at most only a fleeting alleviation of the budget imbalance.

"Second, it is by no means clear that the economy in 1974 will be in a position to absorb substantial tax increases without adverse effects that would make the move in large part, perhaps entirely, self-defeating. . . . Interestingly enough, the gap [between actual and poten-

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tential output] as 1974 begins could easily be half as much as it was in January 1963 when it was advanced as a major reason for cutting taxes.

"Third, what about the inflation rate? Will the economy in 1974 be so close to the point at which increases in aggregate demand elicit sharply higher inflation rates as to justify a significant tax increase as an anti-inflation measure? And will monetary policy accommodate this result? . . . The critical question is whether one expects the inflation rate to be propelled to still higher levels in 1974. Whatever else can be said on this question, it seems to be not only premature, but in a certain sense analytically wrong, to forecast an acceleration of inflation in 1974. . . ."

Lacking restraint in federal spending, concludes Professor Saulnier, "a situation could develop in which no palatable policy option would be open to government: A tax increase would be indicated, but it is by no means certain that the economy could absorb it without serious adverse effects; monetization of the deficit, in lieu of a tax increase, undertaken to hold interest rates down, could be egregiously inflationary; and a policy that refused to monetize deficits could force a liquidity crisis and possibly an economic downturn. In other words, a failure to hold spending increases to well under $20 billion a year would risk entering an economic policy box from which there would be *no safe exit*."

Left Scholars' Debacle

It sometimes happens that a battle-of-the-books possesses much more than a scholarly significance, and a Penn State historian named Robert Maddox has just delivered what appears to be a mortal blow to seven leading "revisionist" historians of the cold war.

In the orthodox and generally accepted view, relations between the U.S. and the Soviet Union began to deteriorate badly toward the end of FDR's life because of Soviet breaches in the Yalta accords. Inheriting the Presidency, Harry Truman found himself obliged to shore up a war-weakened Western Europe against the menace of Stalin; hence things like the Marshall Plan, the Berlin airlift, and so on.

The revisionists, some, like William Appleman Williams, writing in the 1950s, but most emerging in the 1960s, placed the onus not on Stalin but on the United States and on Truman. As a group, they enjoyed a considerable vogue, and indeed remain influential: William Appleman Williams, D. F. Fleming, Gar Alperovitz, David Horowitz, Gabriel Kolko, Diane Shaver Clemens, Lloyd C. Gardner.

Though they agree in assigning blame to the U.S., the revisionists do split along traditional lines, some blaming individuals, like Truman or Forrestal, others, usually Marxists, viewing the cold war as the inevitable consequence of U.S. capitalism—to which they are openly hostile.

The revisionist view of the cold war, indeed, has gained such notable converts as Senators J. William Fulbright, George McGovern, and Edmund Muskie.

But in *The New Left and the Origins of the Cold War* (Princeton), historian Maddox undertakes a close examination of the principal revisionist texts. What emerges is a scholarly bombshell. He demonstrates gross scholarly fraud, evidence faking, misrepresentation and even, in one instance, glaring examples of plagiarism. These revisionist authors now, in most cases, hold high academic positions. They review the works of other scholars in the various journals, in the *New York Review of Books* and the *Times Book Review*. Yet Maddox shows that in many cases they are guilty of practices that, detected in a college freshman, could easily result in his expulsion.

Maddox follows a simple procedure. He has merely checked out their footnotes, and compared the claims in the text with the original source material. Here is his conclusion: "These books without exception are based upon pervasive misusages of the source material . . . [The] most striking characteristic of revisionist historiography has been the extent to which New Left authors have revised the evidence itself."

Maddox meticulously backs up his claims of scholarly malpractice with evidence from the texts and their sources. Here he is detecting Gar Alperovitz in a tissue of frauds: "One of the most common flaws in the book is Alperovitz' practice of citing statements in support of his arguments which, in context, refer to other subjects altogether." In addition: "Less obvious than his misuse of quotations, but no less insidious, is Alperovitz' habit of frequently altering in his own words what the sources actually say."

William Appleman Williams is in a sense the father of the revisionist school, but this patriarchal status did not prevent him from sliding his hand into the cookie jar. "One of the techniques Williams used most often . . . was to construct imaginary speeches and dialogues by splicing together phrases uttered at different times and

And Baby Makes Three

Kongo's a gorilla;
  Lulu is his mate.
Patty Cake's the subject of
  A national debate.
Should she join her parents
  In the pretty cage?
What would happen if her Dad
  Refused to act his age?
Now they're reunited
  Swinging from the wall.
Kongo's acting nicer than
  My neighbor down the hall.

W. H. von Dreele

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on diverse subjects." Here is Maddox on Gabriel Kolko, a judgment completely borne out by his analysis: "By placing together misstatements of fact, quotations wrenched out of context, and unsupported allegations, he constructed an entirely misleading version of what actually took place."

David Horowitz' indictment of American imperialism, *The Free World Colossus* (1965), is one of the principal revisionist texts. Maddox tears it to shreds. "In developing his themes, Horowitz left scarcely a canon of historical scholarship intact. He never used a primary document when a secondary or tertiary source was available, he repeatedly cited the unsupported assertions of others as though they constituted proof for his own assertions, and oftentimes he appeared to have confused his role as author with that of an editor." That last indictment leads up to the exposure of Horowitz' gross plagiarisms from an earlier book by Howard K. Smith. Like the others, Horowitz is shown to have been guilty of "inexcusable misconstructions of the historical record."

Startling though these revelations may be, they may also be seen to be integral with the spirit of the academic Left during the 1960s. We are familiar with the politicized classroom. Now we see that supposedly serious researchers were twisting the historical evidence itself for political purposes. If there have been profounder forms of intellectual corruption we have yet to hear of them.

Straw in the Wind

In Pennsylvania, they took a poll
To test the Governor (that's Milton Shapp).
The tally indicates he's in a hole,
And falling back with each successive lap.
The gentleman who's widening the gap
Is Frank L. Rizzo, Philly's hardhat boss.
He's putting *Law 'n' Order* on the map—
Which makes progressive politicians cross.
The poll says Mr. Rizzo wins the toss
No matter who's the other candidate.
Instead of flapping like an albatross,
He's giving all the liberals the gate.
And here's a thought to make or break your day:
He's still for Richard Nixon all the way.

W. H. VON DREELE

Flicker at the End of the Tunnel?

British policy in this latest phase of the eternal Irish problem has, from its start in 1969, been slow and long-term. No quick solution was either envisioned or promised. For the British government, the question has been: Will the public and parliamentary opinion be able to last it out? The strategic conception called for a gradual transformation of terrorism into politics. Sooner or later, so the reasoning goes, the two hostile communities in Northern Ireland will grow weary of the shooting, and when that weariness is deep enough, they will repudiate and smother the terrorists that have emerged from the darker communal passions. Meanwhile the presence of the British army will at least prevent the entire population from being driven into general civil war. The political leaders of the communities will be seduced into new and transitional political forms having a partial autonomy under British supervision, within which Protestants and Catholics can be brought into partial and slowly expanding collaboration. London will solicit Dublin's good will and Dublin's cooperation in dampening the terrorism in the North by controlling its support from the South. Northern Ireland's constitutional evolution will be accompanied by very slow-paced moves to open lines of cooperation between North and South, with a conceivable reunification the ultimate goal in a distant future.

And if we look not day by day but at the wider sweep, there does seem to be at least a glacial drift in this remarkably non-utopian strategic perspective. Relations between London and Dublin, for one thing, have much improved. The new Eire government seems resolved to tame Eire's own IRA elements who, last year, roused the Dublin population to burn down the British embassy, and to make several moves toward conciliating Northern Protestants. The results of the June 28 election for a Northern Ireland Assembly with limited but meaningful home-rule authority do not show a quantum shift, but were not expected to by the sober men in London who brought it about. It did, however, give public proof that a very large majority of both Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland wants an end of the terrorism even if neither Catholics nor Protestants are yet ready for the political acts and compromises that would be needed to destroy the foundations of the terror.

Only 11 per cent of the vote went to the non-sectarian Alliance Party that sought to bridge the communal gap. Nevertheless, the Catholics defied the IRA orders to abstain, and came out in large numbers to support, for the most part, the relatively moderate Social Democratic and Labor Party. The Protestants divided between Brian Faulkner's Unionist Party, which had announced its willingness to accept the coalition executive commission required by the British plan for the Assembly, and the uncompromising Loyalist split-off under Ian Paisley and William Craig that demanded unmixed Protestant domination. But Faulkner's Unionist members of the 78-seat Assembly plus the Social Democrats and Labor members can, if they are now willing, make up a clear majority of the executive commission which, with such a coalition of Catholics and Protestants, would be unprecedented, a considerable push forward along the strategic road.

The terrorists are not ready for retirement. In the three-week election period, there were 23 murders, making 839 since 1969, with an average of close to one a

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day so far this year. The new Protestant terrorist group, the Ulster Freedom Fighters, displayed a special frightfulness. Some of the terrorist groups have degenerated into little more than gangs of bandits and hoods collecting ransom and operating protection rackets. This, however, is a symptom of the decline of the political passion that for the long run is the more basic factor. In Northern Ireland it may still be too early for hope, but there is perhaps some reason for a lessening of despair.

Nancy Mitford, RIP

About Nancy Mitford's novels one can only say that they are enjoyable even if they did not reintroduce the artistocratic genre they set out to do. In any case she lost interest in them before the strain had fully developed, and turned to a particular kind of history. She cared about detail, about anecdote and color and evocation, and as such did very much more than the dryasdust school to bring Versailles back to life, first through her life of Madame Pompadour, then through her book on the Sun King. Later she turned to Germany, and Frederick the Great. The historians referred contemptuously to the "mitfordization" of history—lots of action, sex, conversation. But Miss Mitford was a superb storyteller, and when she elected to treat the grander themes lightly (the pressures on the court brought by economic losses as a result of piracy in the Caribbean, that kind of thing) one had the impression she knew exactly the measure of what she ignored, which for the reader is preferable, when he is romping through history, to any suspicion of sciolism.

As a self-consciously tenacious aristocrat she wrote many essays, one of them memorable. Indeed, generations hence she may be thought of as Diabelli to Beethoven, because it was her essay that brought on Evelyn Waugh's reply. Waugh had known her for many years, and appeared to love to be exasperated by her. He responded to the publisher's invitation to do the jacket-biography for her novel *The Blessing*, and after reciting in Who's-Who prose her birthplace, marriage, books, etc. he wrote: "After the war, Miss Mitford voted Labor. Having done her best to make England uninhabitable, she went to France to live." It was in France that she wrote the essay on how to distinguish Upper Class (U) from plebeian forms of speech (avoid the euphemism, and the fancy variation); but in emitting her passionate frivolities she ruptured the real thing, and this brought an answer from Evelyn Waugh (in the collection, *Noblesse Oblige*, beginning with Miss Mitford's essay) which will not perish from this earth. The snobbery of Evelyn Waugh is made tolerable by the seriousness with which he takes the notion of a responsible class. Miss Mitford did not reply; and did not return explicitly to the theme. She spent the ensuing 15 years on the histories, which bring great joy. She is survived by lesser members of the family.

Intrinsic Values

When I was six, I got a thrill
From fondling a dollar bill.
Five dollars seemed a fortune, then;
I rarely ever saw a ten.
Last week I put a C-note down
For six at luncheon here in town;
A twenty from the waiter's hip
Was just enough to pay the tip.
When Franklin's features start to mould,
It's time to holler, "We want gold!"

W. H. von Dreele

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Tch-tch . . . you'll never learn.

I don't really mind your dipping into your pathetic little treasury of Shakespeare quotes . . . the effect is nice and you don't overdo it. But, please . . . get them right.

On page 622 of *NR* [June 8], you reply to a letter from reader S. Manning with the most threadbare of your quotes stock thus: "Dear Mrs. Manning: That would be gilding the lily. Yrs. Cordially, etc.," and that rumbling sound you've been hearing ever since is ol' Bill Shakespeare spinning like a top. Ol' Bill *never* said anything about gilding the lily, and were you playing hookey during the term they taught *King John*?

Act IV, Scene 2, Earl of Salisbury in reply to Earl of Pembroke:

"Therefore, to be possessed with double
pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, *to paint the lily*,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

Did you get any other letters on this? Or am I the only Shakespearean hawkeye among your readers? Cordially,

Saul Glemby
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Glemby: 1) To call to the attention of anyone over 14 that Shakespeare didn't say gilding the lily is like calling to the attention of anyone over ten that Voltaire didn't say the one about how he would fight to

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the death for your right to say it. Come to think of it, I doubt very much that Voltaire would fight to the death for the right of anyone to remind anyone that Shakespeare didn't himself use the phrase gild the lily. 2) The phrase gild the lily, and a number of other phrases, can be used even though Shakespeare did not originate them. 3) When we use a cliché around these parts, boy we mean to use a cliché, understand, Glemby? 4) Of the four editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, one used to teach Shakespeare, one still does, and, when I retire, I intend to.

Cordially,
—WFB

■ Dear Bill:

The memory of our mutual friend, and *NR*'s contributor, the late Tibor Szamuely, is being honored by the foundation of a Tibor Szamuely Memorial Prize, which was announced recently in a letter to the London *Times*. As this said, "It will be awarded yearly to a book in the fields of modern history, politics or social science which seems to the judges to embody best the qualities of erudition and good sense for which Dr. Szamuely stood." This was signed by a wide variety of Britons, well indicating the respect and admiration felt in all sorts of circles for Tibor. (He even had a very favorable obituary mention in the left-wing *New Statesman*.) The *Times* signatories, anyway, included novelists like Anthony Powell and Kingsley Amis, public-figure journalists like Bernard Levin and Malcolm Muggeridge, historians like Hugh Trevor-Roper and Hugh Thomas, literary critics like C. B. Cox and John Gross, in addition to Soviet specialists and others.

We are now soliciting subscriptions for setting up the prize, to be administered by Messrs. Martin Secker & Warburg (who are bringing out his master work, *The Russian Tradition,* next year). If any of your readers would like to subscribe, could they kindly send checks, made out to myself, to me c/o Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd., 14 Carlisle Street, Soho Square, London, W.1, England.

Sincerely yours,
Robert Conquest

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In a recent column you stated:

"Meanwhile Nat Hentoff, a left-winger of undiluted loyalty to the First Amendment, has urged his very important constituency to side with me and with Evans, and has attempted to persuade the American Civil Liberties Union to file a brief amicus curiae. He has almost singlehandedly persuaded the ACLU to change its historic opinion about union membership. The union shop, the ACLU now says belatedly, ought not to be required for people who are journalists."

The facts are as follows:

Nat Hentoff did participate in our policy debate on the civil-liberties aspects of the union shop. However, to say that he "almost singlehandedly persuaded the ACLU to change" its position is way off target. Mr. Hentoff did appear before the Board of Directors in 1971 when your particular case was discussed. When the Board authorized a general review of our long-standing union shop policy by its Free Speech/Association Committee, Mr. Hentoff was present and argued quite forcefully at the meetings which discussed this matter. However, it was the Committee, stimulated by a special memorandum from Professor Clyde Summers of the Yale Law School, which in several meetings hammered out a recommendation substantially revising long-standing ACLU policy, that persuaded the Board to accept the changes. And it was Professor Summers who successfully argued the Committee's position before the Board this past February.

Sincerely yours,
Aryeh Neier
Executive Director
American Civil Liberties Union

■ MEMO TO: Joe Sobran
FROM: WFB

Garry Wills has written a column (attached) in response to your charge [*NR*, June 22] that he pilfered Dr. Johnson, defending himself on grounds that 1) you relied uncritically on the not-altogether-reliable Boswell, 2) Johnson, though he favored the retention of the death penalty for murderers, was otherwise liberal for his day, and 3) Johnson indeed denied the *deterrent* value of capital punishment. Please comment.

MEMO TO: WFB
FROM: Joe Sobran

I stand by what I said. 1) Wills's reliance on the distinction between Johnson and "Boswell's Johnson" is, well, unconvincing. If there *were* two Johnsons, my case would merely be doubly strong; for both support me. But the *Life* and the *Tour to the Hebrides* are not apocryphal gospels. Wills sounds like Colson talking about Dean: Why, Johnson wouldn't have said *that*, and even if he *did* say it, he didn't mean it. 2) Oh . . . Johnson was liberal "for his day." Is this how Wills wriggles free? He didn't say "for his day" in the column in question. Sly fellow: Johnson was liberal for *his* day; therefore he'd be liberal for *our* day. This is what I call the Whig theory of Johnson. 3) Johnson believed in the deterrent value of *all* punishment—up to a point. That point, for him, was the one at which severity became so excessive as to be self-defeating. *Rambler* 114 clearly assumes that before committing their crimes, criminals often calculate the consequences to themselves, and proceed in the absence of an effective deterrent. A *just* severity *does* deter: Such is the corollary of Johnson's argument, which Wills ought to attend closely to, instead of charting the imagined trajectory of Johnson's opinions over succeeding centuries. He might also have a gander at *Rambler* 81, in which Johnson attacks the sophistries of lenity. **—WFB**

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Enemies and Hypotheses

WHILE the nation was learning that three former key advisers to Mr. Nixon (H. R. Haldeman, Charles Colson, John Dean) included Carol Channing, Joe Namath, and Barbra Streisand on an official list of "enemies," some of whom should be "screwed" by "the available federal machinery" (especially the Internal Revenue Service), Mr. Nixon was secluded in San Clemente. But back in Washington one of his currently key advisers was explaining the current White House "hypothesis" about who the real Watergate villains are.

J. Fred Buzhardt, Mr. Nixon's special counsel, was brought into the White House in May to help impose order on the confusion wrought by Watergate. While John Dean was testifying before the Senate Watergate Committee, Buzhardt sent to the committee a twelve-page memorandum for use in questioning Dean.

The memorandum was written in the White House on White House stationery by a high White House official. The senators assumed it represented an official White House position. (Not "the" White House position; the definite article has no application here.)

But a few hours after the memorandum arrived on Capitol Hill Buzhardt was explaining that although Mr. Nixon had been "briefed" on its contents, he had not "reviewed" it, and thus it was not a White House position. This seemed to the senators like a distinction without a difference, and the confusion increased when the White House announced that the memorandum was only a "hypothesis."

There is something odd about the White House, which is the source of the trouble and the object of all the scrutiny, offering "hypotheses" about its own involvement in burglaries, suborning witnesses, perjury, the destruction of evidence, illegal surveillance, improper use of the CIA and FBI and IRS, conspiracy, obstruction of justice, illegal interference with a congressional hearing, violation of campaign finance laws, fraud relating to a Securities and Exchange Commission investigation, and other matters of not inconsiderable importance.

In offering "hypotheses," the White House has adopted the position that it is a disinterested third party observing a distant dispute. But the most important fact about the Buzhardt memorandum is that it says Dean and former Attorney General John Mitchell were the highest-ranking officials involved in the various felonies and misdeeds. It represents a gamble that, and an attempt to see that, former Nixon aides Haldeman and John Ehrlichman will not be indicted and convicted for complicity in any of the activities in question.

This appears to be a possibly unrealistic if undoubtedly serious strategy. Its purpose is to protect Mr. Nixon by insisting that, because the two aides he was most intimate with knew nothing about anything, it is believable that Mr. Nixon knew nothing.

THIS IS, to put it mildly, a high-risk strategy. If Haldeman and Ehrlichman are found guilty, the logic of the strategy reverses with deadly effect: Mr. Nixon probably knew because he was so intimate with aides who knew.

The White House waffling about the status of the Buzhardt memorandum came at a time when confusion was pandemic in—and about—Mr. Nixon's houses.

Several weeks ago someone asked the White House how much government money had been spent on Mr. Nixon's homes in San Clemente and Key Biscayne. The White House answer: $39,525 was spent at San Clemente for "improvements" necessary for the "security" of the President.

Since a lot of people think the White House fibs a lot these days, it was predictable that newsmen would investigate the White House claim. They did and now the White House confirms that the government spent more than 32 times the sum it originally mentioned to the press.

Was the discrepancy between the original $39,525 figure and the subsequently confirmed sum of $1,283,274 an innocent mistake by the White House? Was the original figure a "hypothesis"?

Perhaps for some reason the White House, when first asked about this matter, was unable to call the General Services Administration and ask how much GSA had spent on the houses. This is not an unfamiliar kind of explanation for White House behavior. It will be remembered that Mr. Nixon says he ordered that the FBI investigation of the Watergate burglary be limited because he suspected that an unrestricted investigation might uncover some covert CIA operations. Mr. Nixon, for some reason, never called the CIA to ask if his suspicion was well-founded.

ON THE other hand, maybe the White House's wildly inaccurate original statement about the cost to the government of work on Mr. Nixon's private homes was part of an attempt to cover up something embarrassing.

Some of the government expenditures did concern security for the President. These included the cost of special lighting and bullet-proof glass. But now we know the government spending at San Clemente also bought a septic tank, a beach cabana, a pool heater, roof repairs, landscaping, and a lawn sprinkler system, which do not have anything to do with Mr. Nixon's security.

It is possible to see a pattern here. Raymond Chandler once offered advice to mystery writers who find their narrative bogged down: When in doubt, have a man come through a door with a gun. As various White House narratives bog down these days, different "security" concerns keep on popping up.

Mr. Nixon says he hired the men who eventually committed the burglaries, and that he tried to limit the investigation of the Watergate burglary, because he was concerned about "national security." A plausible hypothesis is that the San Clemente sprinkler system and the limitation on the investigation were equally related to legitimate security concerns. □

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Bulletins from the Detente Front

THE POLICY *of peaceful coexistence . . . is a form of intense economic, political, and ideological struggle of the proletariat against the aggressive forces of imperialism.* (*N.* Khrushchev, 1961.)

In the view of the Communists, peaceful coexistence is . . . an active and intense struggle, in the course of which socialism irresistibly attacks, while capitalism suffers one defeat after another. (Sovetskaya Estoniya, 1963.)

The policy of peaceful coexistence . . . has never been a policy based on the acceptance of the status quo in world relations. It has been and it remains a weapon of struggle—a struggle in which both hands are used. With one hand, the aggressive forces of world imperialism are held back; with the other, full support is given to the forces fighting for national independence, and to the peoples moving toward a socialist goal. (World Marxist Review, Moscow, 1965.)

The main direction of the world revolutionary process is determined by the struggle between the two opposite social systems. . . . Since it is a question of two essentially irreconcilable lines of world development, all countries, classes, social strata, and political currents become involved in the struggle. . . . Our foreign political measures are restricting further and further the aggressive imperialist circles. . . . They contribute to the creation of ever better international circumstances for the expansion of the struggle of the revolutionary forces the world over. (B. Ponomarev, general secretary of the Central Committee of the Soviet CP, 1971.)

Relations with the capitalist nations will remain the relations of struggle, however successful normalization and detente may be. . . . The essential question is what form that struggle will take. (G. Arbatov, director of the Soviet Institute for American Studies, March 1973.)

Only naive people can expect that recognition of the principles of coexistence by the capitalists can weaken the main contradiction of our times between capitalism and socialism, or that the ideological struggle will be weakened. (Pravda, May 1973.)

Santiago. The Chilean CP, largest in the Americas and the most closely tied to Moscow, pushes Allende toward expropriation of all remaining foreign holdings, beginning with those of U.S. corporations and banks, and toward a total anti-U.S. stand in foreign policy.

Haiphong. A steady parade of Communist-bloc ships brings military equipment sufficient to replace all losses in the 1972 offensive and to beef up forces in Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam.

Aden. With Soviet equipment and training, forces in South Yemen move toward strategic goal of overthrowing pro-American government of Saudi Arabia and depriving U.S. of access to its principal foreign source of petroleum.

Oman. Soviet-supported and -equipped Popular Front for the Liberation of Oman and the Arab Gulf (PFLOAG) fights in Dhofar province, aiming at control of Oman and the other oil-rich sheikhdoms along Persian Gulf and southern coast of Arabian Peninsula.

Kuwait City. With Soviet arms and encouragement, Iraqi troops occupy northern strip of Kuwait, enlarging Iraq's access to Gulf. Cadres allied with PFLOAG recruit in Kuwait City and establish guerrilla bases in mountains.

Port Louis, Mauritius. Moscow given access for servicing of Soviet merchant and naval vessels in Indian Ocean.

Mogadishu, Somalia. Soviet technicians, supplies, and money support buildup of harbor as key African control point for Red Sea passage. Moscow arms and supports guerrilla operations against U.S. ally, Ethiopia.

Havana. Soviet KGB completes takeover of Cuban secret police and political subordination of Fidel Castro to Soviet direction.

Belgrade. Soviet Union maneuvers to reintegrate Yugoslavia within Soviet bloc on death of Tito.

Reykjavik. Icelandic Communists, in close liaison with Kremlin, maneuver as part of government coalition to use Cod War as lever for prying Iceland away from NATO and closing down NATO's Keflavik base.

Kiev. KGB carries out new purges of Ukrainian intellectuals and nationalists, paralleling similar purges in Georgia and Baltic states.

Paris. French CP, most closely tied of European CPs to Moscow, presses to increase French aloofness from NATO and to aggravate disputes with U.S.

Moscow. Preparing to welcome larger number of Western businessmen and tourists under detente banner, the Kremlin steps up action to send dissidents to labor camps and KGB mental hospitals, and issues directives warning citizens against close relations with visitors.

Moscow. Preparing for future "mutual balanced force reductions," the Kremlin orders additional heavy equipment and troops into the zones subject to the negotiations.

Moscow. Jamming of VOA broadcasts, prohibition of Western journals and books, and travel restrictions continue in force.

Geneva. Soviet representatives continue to reject "on site" inspection to verify nuclear accords.

Moscow. Deployment of new giant SS-9 missiles continues. A new class of nuclear submarines called "Delta," comparable to advanced U.S. Trident class, is put into production. □

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

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MEDICAL DILEMMA

An analysis of why it is that your hospital stay may both cure you and break you. And plenty of suggestions of what should be done to bring down the cost of health care

The High Cost of Health

ALAN REYNOLDS

In 1955 medical care accounted for 4.6 per cent of all U.S. spending; in fiscal year 1972 it accounted for 7.6 per cent. By 1980, if current trends continue, the figure will approach 9.8 per cent—a dime out of every dollar. Everybody talks about rising medical costs, and, lately, alert politicians have busied themselves devising solutions to the problem; but, invariably, these solutions have dealt only with how to finance medical care. They have completely ignored why medical costs are rising so dramatically. To make matters worse, these proposed solutions actually involve still more spending, either through insurance premiums or through taxes. If we continue to ignore the why of medical costs and concentrate only on how to pay them, the cost of health will continue to skyrocket.

Taxes won't make medical care any better or any cheaper. Taxes will only guarantee payment to the providers of the medical care—regardless of how well the patient is served. But when you make a scarce and desirable service like medical care artificially cheap, you drive up costs. Then, to keep demand for subsidized services within manageable bounds, rationing devices must be employed. (At government-subsidized medical facilities, for example, there are long waiting lines and impersonal service.) There is no incentive to worry about either expenses or the desires of patients. Assured of captive customers, providers of bureaucratized services seem to concentrate on making their own lives easier by hiring surplus helpers and resisting innovation. Inevitably, expenses tend to rise quickly to the taxpayers' limits of endurance, and quality goes down as the price goes up.

One relatively modest step toward tax-financed "cheap" medical benefits

was taken in 1965 with the introduction of Medicare. Congress decided that the young, regardless of how poor, should help pay the medical bills of the aged, regardless of how wealthy. In addition to Medicare, Congress approved Medicaid legislation, which paid the medical bills of welfare recipients (not, by any means, the poorest of the poor). Dr. Bruce Stuart, Director of Michigan's Health Research Division, calculated that only 56 per cent of the Medicare and Medicaid expenditures represented a gain for recipients. The remaining 44 per cent represented a gain for the providers of the care. From June 1966 to July 1968, according to Dr. Stuart, "hospital and physician fees alone rose by $3.7 billion more than would have been the case had the programs never been introduced." As a result, those Medicare recipients not on welfare—who therefore still had to pay part of their own medical expenses—actually had greater out-of-pocket expenses after the passage of Medicare than they had before. Part of the explanation of this paradox is that services to the poor, previously provided free or at negligible cost, could now be charged to the taxpayer—so prices were raised across the board.

By the end of 1967, even the Department of Health, Education and Welfare was beginning to see the light. An HEW report, "Delivery of Health Services to the Poor," concluded that "support for only the financing of health service will guarantee neither improved health status nor equality in the receipt of health service by the poor. Indeed, a substantial increase in demand for health services through financing programs, without a concomitant increase and redistribution of currently scarce health resources, can be expected to lead to inflation of health-care costs and continued inaccessibility to services for many of the poor."

Which brings us to the question: Are health resources in the U.S. scarce? And if so what can be done about it?

Why a Shortage of MDs?

In 1910 Abraham Flexner, on behalf of the Carnegie Foundation, toured American medical schools to see how closely their teaching methods conformed to those of Johns Hopkins. Flexner had a BA degree and operated a prep school; he wasn't a physician, scientist, or medical educator. As a result, he relied heavily on the American Medical Association's Council on Medical Education—and his eventual report to the Carnegie Foundation showed it. Flexner ignored the caliber of the vari-

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ous medical schools' graduates and concerned himself only with methods of standardizing curriculum and technique. Not surprisingly, it turned out that the best way was the AMA way. Soon, thanks to Flexner's report, state boards of medical examiners—staffed with AMA doctors—were instituted to decide 1) the contents of each state's licensing exam and 2) who was qualified to take it. The AMA's control over the number of doctors soon became obvious. In 1906, before Flexner's report, the AMA's Council on Medical Education found 130 medical schools acceptable. But over the years the AMA approved fewer and fewer schools until, by 1944, the number of AMA-approved medical schools had been winnowed down to 69 (see Table 1). As the number of medical schools declined, so did any chance that the number of doctors would keep pace with the expanding population.

Among economists, the American Medical Association has long been the standard textbook example of discriminating monopoly (a monopoly that varies prices according to income or demand in order to get the most revenue from the largest number of people). The shortage of doctors is in large part attributable to the restrictive practices of the AMA. For example, after the Flexner report, the number of Negro medical schools went from seven to two —from which 85 per cent of all Negro doctors have been graduated. The percentage of Negro physicians to the total number of physicians was rising rapidly prior to 1910, but has since remained about 2 per cent, although Negroes constitute nearly 11 per cent of the population. The practice of medicine became a class phenomenon. A 1965 HEW report found that the fathers of more than two-fifths of medical students were themselves engaged in professional occupations, and over a third of the medical students came from families whose earnings were in the top 3 per cent nationally.

Since 1966, however, the AMA's control over medical education has loosened (and, by the way, the percentage of Negro students is increasing). There are several reasons for this. First, physicians' salaries have become embarrassingly high ($40,550 median in 1969, according to *Medical Economics*), causing even the AMA to admit that we could use more doctors. The relative income advantage of doctors over other professions (law, engineering, dentistry) has grown wider and wider—no doubt one reason why the number of applicants to medical schools with advanced degrees in other fields increased from 552 in 1970 to 1,896 in 1972. The rising percentage of rejected applicants has created pressure to let a few more in. According to Mrs. W. F. Dube of the Association of American Medical Colleges, "Every week we get phone calls from people who are successful lawyers and engineers who want to switch to medicine."

Second, the Federal Government has been vigorously subsidizing the construction of new medical schools, and providing grants and loans to medical students (until the mid-Sixties, the AMA opposed this).

Third, graduates of foreign medical schools who have passed both the Educational Council for Foreign Medical Graduates exam and a state licensing exam now make up one-fifth of our active physicians and one-third of hospital residents; about 10 per cent of the foreign-educated doctors are Americans who gave up trying to get into U.S. schools. It's not that the caliber of would-be doctors is so low, but that medical schools haven't sufficiently expanded their capacity.

Finally, the AMA's power is slipping. The percentage of MDs belonging to the AMA has fallen from 61.5 per cent in 1962 to about 50 per cent today. More and more young doctors are taking positions in research, government service, or prepaid group plans, and are therefore free of AMA restrictions (e.g., control over hospital staffing and specialist certification).

More Can Be Done

Though the doctor shortage is being alleviated, more should be done to ensure top-quality medical personnel. For instance:

1. Licensing should be uniform throughout the nation (the National Board of Medical Examiners exam is already accepted in lieu of state exams

Table 1: Medical Schools

	Number of Schools	Number of Students	Applicants Accepted	Number of Graduates	Average Annual Change in Enrollment
1880	100	11,826	NA*	3,241	———
1890	133	15,404	NA	4,454	+3.0%
1900	160	25,404	NA	5,214	+6.5%
1910	131	21,526	NA	4,440	−1.8%
1920	85	13,798	NA	3,047	−3.5%
1930	76	21,982	NA	4,735	+5.9%
1941	77	21,379	NA	5,275	−0.2%
1951	79	26,186	38.5%	6,135	+2.2%
1961	86	30,288	59.4%	6,994	+1.6%
1966	88	32,835	48.2%	7,574	+1.7%
1971	103	40,238	45.3%	8,974	+4.5%
1972	108	43,650	37.0%	9,551	+8.5%
1973	114	47,259	NA	——	+8.3%

*Not Available

Sources: HEW, **Manpower Supply and Educational Statistics for Selected Health Occupations** (1969); **Journal of Medical Education** (1971); **New York Times** (Feb. 21, 1971; Nov. 21, 1972; Jan. 8, 1973).

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in 47 states), and the examination should be open to graduates of any medical school.

2. Practicing doctors should be required to take the licensing exam every ten years or so. This would prevent a higher standard for new doctors than for old, and ensure that the older men keep up with advances in the field.

3. Junior and senior years in science training at qualified universities could replace the first two years of medical school (twenty medical schools already accept three years of college in lieu of a BA degree). Nurses who want to become MDs should not have to duplicate training they've already had.

4. The fraternity initiation rite of internship should be eliminated in the 33 states that still require it.

5. Army medics, pharmacists, and registered nurses should be permitted to perform more of the tasks for which they are qualified.

6. Expanded student loans should replace all direct government aid to medical schools. There is no reason why taxpayers should help finance an education that will yield the recipient so much income. It is no coincidence that as government funding grew from 30 to 52 per cent of medical schools' operating expenses in the last decade, those expenses rose by over 300 per cent. "The average cost of educating a physician is about $10,000 a year," says Dr. Roger Egeberg, Special Assistant to the Secretary of HEW for Health Policy. "Don't ask me where the money goes, because I was on a committee once that had to try to find out. We couldn't."

7. The "maldistribution" of doctors (see Table 2) results partly from physicians' becoming licensed and setting up practice where most of the schools are, and partly from the high cost of a medical education (which, together with the limits on student loans, keeps farm and ghetto students out). These problems would be alleviated by reforms number one and six above.

Within the past ten years, many steps have been taken toward relieving the doctor shortage, but the further improvement that is necessary will not come about unless the correct steps are taken in the future.

A New Kind of Plan

With the cost of health care consistently going up, many people have turned to medical insurance programs like Blue Cross-Blue Shield to help cope with the bills, but these programs are by no means the only plans available. A comparatively new method of paying for and guaranteeing medical care has been receiving much attention: the prepaid group plan, in which those affiliated with the plan pay a flat fee in advance and are guaranteed treatment. On the face of it, it isn't obvious why this method should be able to reduce expenses. There might be some savings and convenience in grouping several specialists under one roof, so that they can share facilities, but this can be (and often is) combined with fees that vary according to use. Yet it seems the prepaid plan does work. In 1967 the National Advisory Commission on Health Manpower examined the Kaiser Plan, the largest prepaid plan, and found the cost of the average member's medical care was "20 to 30 per cent less than it would be if he obtained it outside."

Prepaid plans like the Kaiser Plan not only cost less, they also deliver less—but less may be enough. A study of the Federal Employees Health Benefits Program for 1966 found that 98 of every 1,000 Blue Cross-Blue Shield patients were hospitalized, compared to 46 of every 1,000 prepaid-group members. Blue Cross-Blue Shield patients spent 876 days in the hospital, compared to 408 for the group members. There were 73 operations per 1,000 Blue Shield subscribers, 31 per 1,000 among group-practice patients.

This helps solve the mystery of why prepaid health-care plans keep people equally healthy for less money. First of all, prepaid plans have a much lower ratio of surgeons to patients than does the nation as a whole (one surgeon for 10,000 to 17,000, versus one for every 7,554 nationally), and, since patients pay a flat rate regardless of treatment, unnecessary surgery or hospitalization means more work for the surgeon or hospital, which doesn't bring in any extra income. Medicare and Blue Cross-Blue Shield, on the other hand, encourage hospitalization even for routine tests, and the income of fee-for-service surgeons is directly related to the number of operations they perform. The variation in surgical treatment between conventional and prepaid plans, and among regions, prompted the pseudonymous surgeon who wrote *How To Avoid Unnecessary Surgery* to estimate that one operation in five is unnecessary. Dr. John Knowles, President of the Rocke-

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feller Foundation, was censured for saying what the statistics tell us must be true: "Three to four doctors out of ten are either doing unnecessary surgery or are overcharging." Moreover, prepaid plans do not usually charge higher-income patients more. This is why the AMA has pressured 17 states into outlawing such plans, and has been prosecuted under antitrust laws for trying to kill prepaid plans in other states.

Price discrimination, padded lab bills, and unnecessary surgery are not inherent features of fee-for-service medical care. They are a direct result of monopoly and enforced secrecy—particularly the suppression of price information and advertising. Prepaid plans don't really get to the root of this problem, nor of such problems as the oversupply of surgeons. For example, if there were more prepaid plans, the ratio of surgeons to the population *outside* those plans would become even higher, because the prepaid plans employ fewer surgeons per covered population, leaving more surgeons per capita outside the groups.

Prepaid group practice has other problems of its own. A family of three under the Kaiser Plan now pays up to $600 a year regardless of use—quite a lot more than many families (including my own) spend on medical expenses and insurance. And Kaiser facilities are indeed large, but they are also few and far between. Improving access by building more facilities, particularly in rural areas, might eliminate the economies of a large, factory-like operation. Kaiser patients complain about the difficulty in getting appointments, and about having to wait for doctors they don't know. When they do get to see their doctor, the visit is a short one, since the doctors are scheduled to see a patient every 15 minutes—barely enough time to prescribe two aspirin and plenty of rest.

Scandal of the Hospitals

However, the inflation of physicians' fees is only half the increase of hospital costs, which have averaged 12.2 per cent annually since 1965. Why does it cost $150 a day—far more than a one-day stay at the Waldorf-Astoria—for a very un-plush semiprivate hospital room in New York City? First and foremost, because health insurance has been more willing to pay for hospital bills than for physicians' fees or outpatient services. When private health insurers finally extended coverage to include some outpatient care, and government agencies tightened up on Medicare and Medicaid abuses, hospitals were left with 20 to 25 per cent of their beds empty. Meanwhile, the Federal Government continued to subsidize the construction of still more hospitals, thereby adding to the demand for (and bidding up the price of) physicians' services. Cities with hospital-bed occupancy rates of 58 to 70 per cent have recently been approved for federally aided construction to add still more beds. This excess supply does not—as it would in other industries—drive prices down, but up, because a high "fixed" overhead (partly a typical nonprofit phenomenon: reluctance to lay off employees or to close idle facilities) is simply divided among fewer patients; and the hospitals get away with passing on all costs because patients and their physicians rarely have any choice among hospitals, and patients never know what their bills will be until they leave.

An article on profit-making hospitals by Roger Rapoport in *Harper's* (December 1972) was cutely subtitled, "the quality of mercy is sometimes very expensive." Yet data in Table 3 show that profit-making, or proprietary, hospitals are among the least expensive. Even Rapoport's own sketchy evidence shows a group of California proprietary hospitals charging a merciful $15 a day less than their nonprofit counterparts. These comparisons are remarkable when it is considered that nonprofit hospitals are tax-exempt and that many of them are constructed and maintained with government subsidies. Still, they charge more. The controller of a nonprofit hospital, writing in the *Harvard Business Review* (July/August 1971), shows the

Table 2: Relating Hospital Cost and Doctor Supply to State Income

Hospitals Charge Less Than $70/day			Hospitals Charge More Than $100/day		
State	Per Capita Income ('71)	Persons per MD	State	Per Capita Income	Persons per MD
Mont.	3479	1103	Calif.	4677	619
Wyo.	3753	1161	Wash.	4135	823
N.D.	3383	1168	Ariz.	3871	852
S.D.	3446	1354	Mich.	4317	933
Neb.	3998	1018	N.Y.	5021	518
Kan.	4090	1048	Mass.	4586	604
Iowa	3876	1116	R.I.	4077	740
Ark.	3036	1340	N.J.	4832	821
Miss.	2766	1448	Del.	4570	882
Ky.	4090	1123	D.C.	6000	339
W.Va.	3228	1137			
S.C.	3162	1341			
Average:	3526	1196		4608	713

Sources: U.S. News & World Report, Jan. 22, 1973; **Look**, June 29, 1971; **Statistical Abstract of the U.S.**, 1972.
Note: These data seem to bear out the theory that hospitals charge as much as the traffic will bear, and that number of physicians is sufficiently small that they can locate where the money is.

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systematic irrationality of hospital pricing: "Some of the unprofitable departments—for example, the emergency room—are carried at a loss as a public service. The intensive-care nursing units, surgery, and clinics also do not cover the costs. Traditionally, a few departments like medical-surgery nursing, laboratories, pharmacies, and X-ray are expected to carry other departments." Hospital mark-ups of 1,000 per cent on antibiotics and pain-killers are not uncommon; X-ray fees and radiologists' salaries are astronomical. Clearly this type of pricing assumes that the user of lab facilities has a greater "ability to pay" than the user of emergency facilities (often the same person). Is this pricing really a "public service," or is it charging the most for those things customers are least informed about?

Profiting from Nonprofit

Also, many nonprofit hospitals appear to be run by staff doctors for the convenience of staff doctors:

—They employ too many people: 280 employees for every 100 patients in 1969, 308 in 1971. In 1969, a New York City public hospital requested five employees per patient.

—They underprice clinics and emergency services, which are therefore swamped with many routine cases that would and could otherwise be handled in a general practitioner's office.

—They are also unconcerned about productivity: A 1971 New York City Health Department study found that a voluntary teaching hospital spent 2.45 man-hours on each radiology procedure, at a cost of $19.61 (a proprietary hospital spent 1.39 man-hours at a cost of $8.04), and that it employed too many registered nurses to do practical-nurse chores.

—They don't distinguish between the type of care needed for recovery from brain surgery and ordinary convalescent care: The General Accounting Office estimates that general hospitals would need 126,000 fewer beds if separate facilities were established for long-term patients. The Citizens Budget Commission figured that the public hospitals in New York City could save $20 million a year by moving 488 patients from $135-a-day general-care beds to extended-care facilities or home, where they belong.

—They raise prices arbitrarily to cover sloppy cost control: 1970 Blue Cross data on large nonprofit hospitals in New York show rates ranging from $51.59 to $122.53 a day.

—They often don't bother with modern accounting tools: An audit by the New York State Controller found that several hospitals didn't even keep formal cash receipt and disbursement books, or appropriation ledgers.

—They are unconcerned about construction and operating costs: A 1972 GAO study found that fewer than half of 163 hospitals polled had any detailed plans concerning the need for and use of their facilities; that services were excessively duplicated within regions; that one new hospital could have saved over $11 million in construction and operating costs through better architectural design.

In short, since nonprofit hospitals have no incentive to operate efficiently, they often operate like bureaucracies; and because of their tax-exempt, monopoly status, they are often reckless. There is no accountability to owners or stockholders and no incentive to limit expenses or attract customers, but there is ample opportunity to exploit consumer ignorance and lack of choice. Yet few people have argued that hospitals should become more competitive—by, say, admitting patients of all licensed physicians, and by advertising their rates—and even fewer have advocated more profit-oriented hospitals. Those who have expressed any concern at all about the subject have usually suggested that we make hospitals a regulated "public utility"—a proposal that shows blissful ignorance of the way regulated industries have always used regulation to suppress competition, to raise expenses to justify higher rates, or to obtain special subsidies and tax breaks (e.g., AT&T, the ICC, CAB, SEC, and banks).

Table 3: Daily Cost of Hospital Stay, 1969

Type	No. of Hospitals	Avg. No. of Beds	Cost ($): General	Cost ($): Special*
Federal	333	261	54	—
State	146	211	84	114
Local	1521	110	66	73
Voluntary	3428	172	71	119
Proprietary	759	66	66	85

Sources: Derived from **Hospitals**, Guide Issue, JAHA (1970). Data are for short-term hospitals (under 20 days). Daily costs are estimated by dividing average cost per case by average length of stay. Figures on average number of beds are for general care only (5996 of 6187 hospitals).

*"Special" includes maternity; eye, ear, nose and throat; children's orthopedic; geriatric; physical rehabilitation; chronic and convalescent; and all other types of hospital except psychiatric and tuberculosis.

Solutions and Criticisms

Yet, when profit-making hospitals are given a chance, they often succeed. Consider what happened to St. Joseph's hospital in Louisville when it was taken over by Extendicare, a profit-making chain. Extendicare cut St. Joseph's administrative costs per patient from $12 to $7.50 a day; cut overtime in half; used its chain buying power to cut equipment costs by up to 50 per cent; saved $200,000 a year by centralizing data processing; and saved $30,000 a year in handling costs simply by reducing the number of food suppliers. No longer tax-exempt, St. Joseph's now pays federal income taxes and $600,000 a year in property, sales, and payroll taxes; the hospital lost grants of up to $1,500 a year per nursing student (only available to nonprofit hospitals). Still, the basic charge for a semiprivate room is only $48 a day, and charges have been increasing at half the national rate. The emergency, obstetrics, and pediatrics departments have been enlarged, and the size and pay of the intern staff have been substantially increased. A new branch is being built, with costs kept unusually low by sharing facilities with the parent hospital.

Free enterprise has also found other ways to cut hospital costs. Since most hospital expenses are traceable to hotel and housekeeping functions, it is quite logical that Hyatt House and Ramada Inn are successfully moving into the hospital business. The first corporate

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READING THE SHROUD

In a couple of months, scientists with chemicals and calipers will put the Shroud of Turin to the test. Mrs. Sullivan has done some imaginative detective work already on what the women beheld when they went to the tomb

How in Fact Was Jesus Christ Laid in His Tomb?

BARBARA M. SULLIVAN

DURING THE FALL of 1973, the enigmatic Holy Shroud of Turin will be displayed publicly for the first time in forty years. More important, for the first time in history, it will then be presented to an international scientific commission for investigation. The authorization for an extensive examination was recently given by Pope Paul VI, the Archbishop of Turin, and the House of Savoy, which owns the mysterious burial garment.

We may soon know more surely whether the remarkable visage on the Shroud is, as many believe, that of Jesus Christ.

Astonishing as the claim may seem, there is strong inferential reason to think that, yes, the Shroud is authentic, and, yes, the face on the cloth shows us exactly what Christ looked like. A bit of history may be useful to most readers.

Spoil of War?

The modern history of the Shroud might be said to have begun on May 8, 1898, when Secondo Pia was permitted to photograph the Shroud for the first time while it was being exhibited at the Cathedral in Turin. Pia was flabbergasted to find that his glass-plate photographic negative was turning out in the developing bath to show, in fact, a photographic positive image. The Shroud itself had somehow been stained in such a way that the body imprint on the cloth was a negative. This feature alone would seem to rule out the claim that the Shroud is an ancient or medieval forgery. What artist, centuries before, would have fabricated details that could only be discerned with the help of a nineteenth-century invention? And the photographic process, subsequently confirmed by the photographs taken by G. Enrie in 1931, brought out a wealth of hitherto concealed details.

The Shroud, when photographed in 1898, had been in Turin over three hundred years, having been brought there from France by Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy in 1578. The House of Savoy obtained it in 1452 when Margaret de Charny presented it to the then Duke of Savoy who relinquished two castles in exchange. It was kept in the Sainte Chapelle of Chambéry, there to be partly burned by the melting silver reliquary in a fire on December 3, 1532. (Today, the scorch marks, water stains, and repair patches are quite obvious.) Margaret's grandfather, Geoffrey de Charny, had founded a collegiate church at Lirey in 1353 where the "true Burial Sheet of Christ" was exposed for veneration around 1357. But Geoffrey, who died in 1356, had never been very explicit about how he obtained it. (And as Werner Bulst S.J. wrote in 1957: " . . . the possibility of acquiring the Shroud by unethical methods . . . is not to be lightly rejected. It was a rather usual method of securing relics in the Middle Ages.")

Some 150 years earlier, the armies of the Fourth Crusade, well diverted from their original goal, seized Constantinople in 1204. After sacking the city without mercy, the fabulous treasures were divided with their financiers. According to a prearranged plan the Venetians would get half of the Crusaders' conquests. In this foray, Venice obtained not only a section of Constantinople, which included the church of St. Sophia, but more than enough to extend her commercial supremacy. Islam was not the hindrance to the profitable trade in the Near East; the Byzantine Empire was. A chronicler of that Crusade, Robert de Clari, is quoted as stating that in the imperial church, Our Lady Saint Mary of Blachernae, " . . . where was the shroud in which Our Lord was wrapped which was stretched straight up every Friday, so that one could well see on it the figure of Our Lord; nobody knew, neither Greek nor Frank, what became of this shroud when the town was taken."

Photographic Details

A figured shroud known in the East in 1204; a figured shroud known in the West by about 1357—a gap which has not yet been bridged. However, 1204-1357 is no definitive period of demarcation, for through and around this hiatus in history stream other trappings of civilization. Intermingled with art forms, varied traditions, customs, and rumor are extant documented references to the burial linens of the Passion. Two of the earlier ones are cited as being the testimony of Arculph, who claims to have kissed the "Lord's winding sheet" in Jerusalem around 640; and St. Braulio writes, in 631, that the Shroud was then a known relic.

But how was the image on the cloth, the remarkable detail of which showed up only when photographed at the end of the nineteenth century, actually produced centuries ago?

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Intrigued by Pia's photographs, a French scientist named Paul Joseph Vignon developed a hypothesis that has commanded some widespread, though not universal, support. It is known that the normal Jewish burial service in the time of Jesus made use of myrrh and aloes, ground into a kind of paste, which impregnated the burial shroud. Vignon showed that this combination of chemicals produced a substance highly sensitive to urea. The human body exudes urea profusely upon death, and especially when death is accompanied by great suffering. In Vignon's theory, the exuded urea reacted upon the paste to produce discoloration of the cloth.

Since 1898, scholars have been investigating every detail of the Shroud as shown in numerous photographs. Dark stains, clearly visible, mark the crown of thorns—evidently more a cap-like affair than the more familiar circlet. The spear-thrust shows up as a lentil-shaped wound on the right side.

Interestingly, the Shroud shows that the nails went through the wrists, not the palms, according to another French scientist. Dr. Pierre Barbet, a surgeon who brought his expertise to bear on the Shroud, embodied his conclusions in a chilling study, *A Doctor at Calvary*, available now in paperback translation. Some of his points:

Experiments with cadavers showed that a body suspended with a nail through the palms will tear loose but that there is a narrow passage through the wrists (the carpal area) that would support body weight. No doubt, the Roman executioners were aware of this from their experience with crucifixion. Again, it was noticed that the hands on the Shroud appear to lack thumbs. Studies showed that when a nail was driven through that particular point in the wrist, the thumbs dropped inward upon the palm.

According to Barbet, the Shroud shows that prior to taking up the Cross, Jesus was subjected to two drastic forms of punishment. First, he was severely beaten with a stick about 1.75 inches in diameter. "Excoriations are to be found everywhere on the face, but especially on the right side." Barbet found "haematomas beneath the bleeding surfaces." The nose "is deformed by a fracture of the posterior of the cartilage." The marks show that the stick was "vigorously handled by an assailant standing on the right of Jesus."

After that, he was subjected to scourging by two men employing the well-known Roman "flagrum," a leather whip featuring small balls of metal or bone designed to tear the skin. Barbet finds more than fifty such strokes. "All the wounds have the same shape, like a little halter about three centimeters long. The two circles represent the balls of lead. . . . We may assume that during the scourging he was completely naked, for the halter-like wounds are to be seen all over the pelvic region, which would otherwise have been protected. . . . Finally, there must have been two executioners. It is possible they were not of the same height, for the obliqueness of the blows is not the same on each side."

Surgeon Barbet is especially vivid when he comes to the effect of those nails driven through the passage in the wrist, and so necessarily damaging the median nerves: "The median nerves are not merely the motor nerves, they are also the great sensory nerves. When they were injured and stretched out on the nails in those extended arms like the strings of a violin on their bridge, they must have caused the most horrible pain. Those who have seen, during the war, something of the wounds of the nervous trunks, know that it is one of the worst tortures imaginable.

The spear-thrust, according to Barbet, was a coup de grace required by law in this form of execution. But by that time Jesus had expired as the result of a tetanic contraction of the muscles that quickly reached the respiratory system. The "condemned man could only escape from asphyxia by straightening himself on the nail through the feet, in order to lessen the dragging of the body on the hands; each time that he wished to breathe more freely or to speak, he had to raise himself on this nail, thus bringing on further suffering." But such exertions, says Barbet, made the tetanic reaction inevitable, and, he concludes, Jesus died from asphyxia.

Evidence of Authenticity

Some have argued that, yes, indeed, the Shroud appears to depict a man who had been so executed, but, they object, could the portrait be that of some other unfortunate? After all, countless persons of all sorts were executed by crucifixion. The Shroud may well be ancient but why assume that the face is that of Jesus?

The Shroud. (The patches are the repairs made after the Chambéry fire.)

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The Shroud as it appears in a photographic negative.

This line of argument is quite possibly mistaken. The body represented on the Shroud can have been wrapped in the garment only a few days at most, for normal decomposition would have destroyed the image. In the ancient world, the dead were not ordinarily disturbed, because the decomposing body was considered unclean.

Wherever you turn, the evidence argues for authenticity, often in quite unpredictable ways. It has long been observed, for example, that the physiognomy of Christ in portraits changed sharply around the year 300. But the new way of depicting him contains details which are apparently inexplicable such as a curious rectangular design over the nose, or a random spot of blood. We now see that these new features correspond to details on the Shroud. Perhaps the Shroud was taken from the original tomb to Rome, where during the period of persecution it was kept closely guarded by the Christian community. Only when the Christian church felt reasonably secure could the holy object be made available to pious artists: Hence, the sudden change in the style of depicting Christ in religious art.

What Do We See?

As we have noted, Pierre Barbet and other scholars have studied the Shroud for the light it sheds particularly on the events up to and including Jesus' death on the Cross. But can we press further? Can we use the Shroud to learn still more about those ancient events? We must be mindful, though, as Father Edward Wuenschel wrote in 1953, "of the sacredness of subject and the peculiar significance of every detail" and exercise "a wholesome restraint from theories that conflict with the imprints and with elementary scientific facts."

Can the Shroud, then, help us to dispel some of the obscuring mists of time? Perhaps a fundamental difficulty has been in the area of not so much *what* we have been looking at but, rather, *how* we have been looking. Perhaps, like the women from Galilee, we must follow after and behold the tomb, "and how his body was laid."

Yes, *they* saw how his body was laid. But what do we see?

What we visually perceive we consciously or subconsciously evaluate against that to which we are accustomed and to which we long have been exposed. Our exposure to death positions is a variable depending, for the most part, upon occupation and circumstances. Via our cultural heritage, we are accustomed to burials wherein the deceased are laid out flat. Regardless of any personal religious conviction, we also have been exposed to various artistic renderings of the crucified depicted as a standing-like or essentially elongated figure.

Indeed, we see the dorsal and frontal imprints on the Turin Shroud which give the illusion of an elongated figure. And, normally, we would expect a body to be laid out flat for burial. But is that the case with this particular relic?

Position of the Body

To establish a possible position of the body within the Shroud, the first thought is simply to place a fairly flexible photo-positive print of the overview on a flat surface and then bend the photo gently so that the top half (frontal image) is over the lower half (dorsal image). When we do this, the first thing we observe is that we are now unable to see the images; they are on the "inside." The top half is now upside down, or in actuality, right-side up. We must then try to appraise each view from the open sides to determine if we can fit them together. However, the body images are sort of wispy; there do not appear to be any clearly defined outlines. The dorsal imprint appears slightly longer than the frontal image, and there do not seem to be any obvious points or landmarks with which we can match the two surfaces.

With the overview again opened out on a flat surface, we very carefully scrutinize the photo. Starting in the center, a section separates the two portions of the head, the face and what appears to be the back of the head. Then there are the shoulder areas but, on the dorsal view, the left shoulder appears slightly higher than the right. The outer edges of the shoulders and the upper arms are obliterated by the scorch/burn marks and repair patches from the Chambéry fire. Both the chest area and the upper back show water stains, of unequal size. Next, on the top half, there are the forearms. No elbows are perceptible on the lower half. We note a band of staining that seems to extend beyond the right forearm, as a slight curve, which seems to include a good-sized "blob." Puzzling—because if this

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staining and "blob" beyond the right arm are drippage from that arm, then part of the top half of the cloth probably had been tucked under in some manner, because blood, or any other fluid, does not drip up.

No matter how careful we are, bending an opaque photo, however flexible, still leaves us on the "outside." But when we take some tracing paper, sketch what we can of this area, and bend the tracing, we are able to simulate a possible fabric tuck-in. This leads us to consider whether other areas had been tucked in and around the body. Might it be possible that in the myriad details there is evidence that would relate to actual body-surface curvatures? Could we even begin to approximate the position of the body that was once within the Shroud of Turin?

The Transparency Factor

Our initial attempts are made with tracings on a 22-inch overview of the photo-positive (a 1:7.5 reproduction). In addition to the advantage of a "transparency" factor, we are able arbitrarily but cautiously to exclude the burn/scorch marks, water stains, and repair patches, collectively referred to as the Chambéry data. These details, in themselves, are quite distracting and because this extensive damage occurred at a known point in time, 1532, it is self-evident that it does not relate to the earlier history of the Shroud. (There are sets of smaller burn marks of unknown cause and date, which were depicted on a painted copy of the Shroud dating from 1516.)

Recalling that the opacity of the photo itself was a hindrance in our attempt to align the back and front images, we make a tracing of the overview, on which we lightly pencil sketch as much of the body as possible, eliminating the Chambéry data. Because of the "transparency" of the tracing paper, we are able to use different colored pens to emphasize pertinent details—the head images, shoulder lines, left wrist wound, and feet. We include some of the obvious crease lines over and just peripheral to the image areas. We must also trace each end of the Shroud visible in the photo, not the ends of the photo itself, and cut out our overview along these lines.

We then overlap the tracing as we had tried to do with the photo, bringing the end of the top half to the end of the lower half. When we do this, two things seem to happen: 1) The tracing bends more in the area of the head, back image, than in the "water-stained" space between the two sections; 2) the tracing of the "isolated" foot imprint at the end of the top half does not seem to "match" with the imprint of the right foot on the lower half. To explain it differently, the imprint of the right foot appears as if it is slanted inward. The foot image from the top half does not appear to line up in the same direction.

Separate tracings of both the upper and lower sections, with just the feet detail, are made and then placed end to end on a flat surface. What we see is that the foot imprint, top half, seems to line up in a direction quite similar to that of the partial imprint of the *left* foot, lower half.

And we ask ourselves: Do we see what we see, or are we just imagining the whole thing because this approximate relationship is a contrast to the supposition of other researchers, namely that the imprint, top half, resulted from the fabric having been draped over the toes of the right foot.

But, we are not imagining. Copies of sections of the photo-overview (carefully made for this research only) are used to simulate the same maneuver. By end-to-end matching of these sectional photocopies, the same results can be demonstrated. However, photos, photo-tracings, or photocopies are one-dimensional. We have to account for three dimensions. The frontal and dorsal images give us basically two surfaces; is there evidence for the third—depth? Here, we start to incorporate the wrinkles and creases.

In addition to the various wrinkles and creases around the foot imprint, top half, there are others that traverse this area as curved lines, particularly through the midsection. So we trace as many of these as we can, ink them lightly, and then "pinch" the paper along the traced lines. What happens is that the paper crinkles or buckles in such a manner that the area corresponding to the stained end of the Shroud "shortens" in its center portion and the outer parts seem to be more "tapered." The whole thing has a gently curved appearance and we seem to have produced part of a sole of a foot and a portion of the sides.

When we overlay this pinched-together formation on the dorsal half, the buckled lower edge from the top half seems to fit or align more closely with the somewhat diagonally curved tracing of the partial imprint of the left foot. Of course, we try the end-to-end matching as we did earlier but this time we match the end of the top half-tracing with the lower half-photo. Again, the top foot imprint tracing orients more to the left foot on the lower half of the photo.

Some Conclusions

However, there are several things we observe as we do this simulated overlap of the top half and possible left foot alignment: 1) We seem to have approximated the envelopment of the left foot but not the right foot; 2) the dimensional matching is rather difficult because the image tracings are still completely on the "inside"; 3) visualization from "outside" is enhanced only where the image-tracings have been inked; 4) the dorsal image appears to lift or curve upward more in the area of the neck and shoulders; 5) the frontal image seems to shorten.

It is imperative that we describe these observations of the empirical image matching as approximations because our tracings are based on a small-scale photo. However, we still have some latitude in which to explore various relationships. Although time-consuming, perhaps tedious, we are able to make additional sectional or working tracings and continue our trial-and-error attempts.

Since we have a possible completion of the left foot and observe that this is positioned somewhat over the area of the right foot, we again have to account for depth. This leads us to consider that the space between the foot imprints on the dorsal half might be an "elevation" rather than a gap between the two feet on a horizontal plane. Our separate tracing of this section gives us a degree of flexibility to try to experiment with this dimensional effect. When we repeat it on the main tracing, overlap and align the left foot imprints, we now have a somewhat closer fit, with the left well across the right. This, however, seems to sort of shift or slightly twist the major portion of the frontal image to the right, the space between the two head sections seems to lift a bit more, and the back image now bends in the area of the shoulders.

Our attempts to develop the possible curves of the right foot are indeed a

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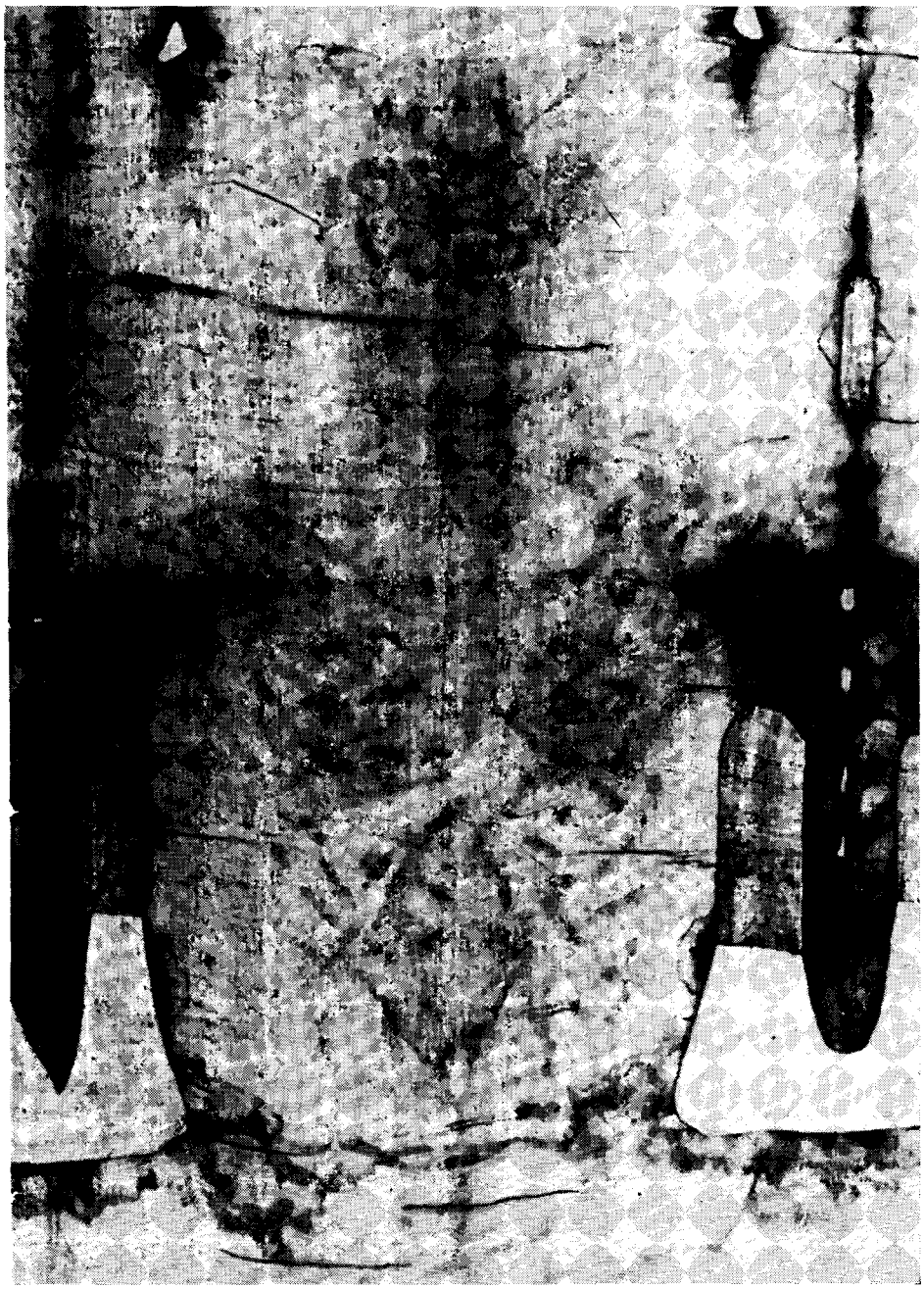
challenge, and incomplete. Here, we seem to have to find simultaneously the position of the legs, and to account for the stained section along the end of the dorsal half.

We also make an effort to align the head images. The one thing we find here is that these will not "match up" on a midline relationship. We get a partial dimensional projection when we consider that the "unstained" appearing space between the hair and the face might be an outward tuck-folding over the face, and pinch the tracing to show this. We also explore the possibility that the gaps or interruptions in the head image, back portion, might be dart-like patterns. When we "triangulate" these imprints and butt or match the perceptible edges, the result is the beginning of a cap-like configuration. However, the intervening space between the two partially dimensionalized images gets in the way somewhat, and it is difficult, with this small-scale tracing, to fit these two sections together to determine the crown of the head.

Other areas of body relationships are studied, as well as attempts made to accommodate the extra portions of the fabric-tracing beyond the image areas. These, though not yet completed, would require a prolonged description at this time. In presenting an approximate completion of the left foot, we at least demonstrate that out of the myriad of Shroud details, some of the wrinkles and creases relate to actual body-surface curvature. We also find evidence to indicate that: 1) The left foot possibly situates well across the right foot; 2) the frontal image "shortens," with a twist or shift to the right; 3) there is a marked curvature of the dorsal image that, so far, involves the head, neck, and shoulder areas. However preliminary these data, they do seem to suggest that the image is somewhat hunched and lies to one side.



Section of the Shroud, showing the head and upper back. At the upper center, note the bloodstains on the back of the head. Lower down, the shoulders are vaguely discernible.

Factual Basis

All of the possible dimensional projections *are* tentative and must be either substantiated or ruled out by similar tracings on large-scale photos. At some point in time a fabric pattern could be made, incorporating whatever data have been found to be pertinent. To work with life-size photographs or a photographic print on pliable cloth would be ideal; the latter, though, would still have the distracting detail of the Chambéry damage—and airbrushing is a costly technique.

A refolding of the Shroud itself would seem to be a most logical thing to do. However, without a pattern or plan of possibilities, a direct dimensional study on an object as opaque as the Shroud would be blind, cumbersome, and require an undue amount of manipulation of the fabric. It must also be considered whether or not the existence and location of the repair patches might actually hinder, if not preclude, any attempt to do such a critical direct dimensionalization—and this is assuming total removal of the backing material. The image, however well aligned, would still be on the inside.

We have not gone on a flight of fancy, nor have we overprojected our imagination. We have a basis in fact: photographs of the Shroud of Turin; from these we have started to establish an analogy by which we will be able to envision the burial of the crucified body.

What did the women see when they "beheld the tomb and how his body was laid"? We are just beginning to look over their shoulders. □

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Hitler Redivivus

When in the 1950s and 1960s historians playfully raised the question how long it would take for Hitler to become "rehabilitated," as Napoleon was in 1840 when his remains were solemnly brought to France, the average person reacted with hostility or, more often, with hilarity.

Between Waterloo and the reburial of Napoleon under the Dôme des Invalides 25 years elapsed. Now 28 years have passed since the suicidal last struggle in the *Reichskanzlei*—and Hitler is again much talked about. But unlike Napoleon, he is not glorified, not recast in the role of saint, genius, or hero. The simple and far more terrible truth emerges: He is seen as an ordinary guy, "a fellow like you and me."

That Hitler was a "common man" was evident many years ago when Dr. Henry Picker published his highly authentic *Table Talks*, which showed the Führer as the very incarnation of semi-educated modern banality. Indeed, what Hitler aimed at was "a century of the common man" in the sense in which Henry A. Wallace used the term in the 1940s.

There is also the enormous work of Werner Maser, especially the volume *Adolf Hitler* (1971) with a new supplement containing letters and notes. In this book as well as in *Who Was Hitler* (1970) by H. S. Ziegler we learn that Hitler was a voracious reader of solid middle-brow and sometimes even high-brow books and that he showed particular interest in American history.

He was strongly influenced by the moderate leftist currents of European intellectuality before and after World War I; he was deeply impressed by Darwinism and other sorts of biological materialism and was not only an Anglophile but also an admirer of Islam (which he considered far superior to Christianity).

He loathed royalty, despised aristocrats, priests, and bankers, hated generals and had a very special aversion for his native Austria and the Habsburgs.

His ideal was a "Germanic democracy" (hence he called himself an "arch-democrat"). With his knowledge of history, however sketchy, he was, among other German and foreign politicians, like the proverbial one-eyed man among the blind.

Hitler's responsibility for Auschwitz is beyond any doubt; his more detailed plans for a Europe under German domination were hair-raising. A monster? No, just a highly modern barbarian who is now fittingly revived in books, films, periodicals, and on TV. He took the premises of current thought and developed them to their last logical conclusions. As a matter of fact, he showed us dramatically where we stood and, secretly, still are standing.

National Socialism should be viewed in much the same light. If we analyze it coolly, there was nothing extraordinary about it (which makes it all the more frightening). It was, as Hitler and Goebbels claimed, the German version of the French Revolution and, at the same time, the highly democratic mobilization of the German masses against the privileged minorities.

Although I consider a revival of National Socialism in Germany impossible, it must be admitted that not all its ideas are dead—and they cannot be dead because they are flourishing elsewhere and have been borrowed from other sources. Quite dead at present in Germany are the twin ideas of nationalism and racism, of militarism and an enforced discipline usually misnamed "authoritarianism." However, many other traits of Nazism are not only still alive but actually gaining momentum. Let us draw up a list of the various points on the program through which the Nazi party presented itself to the average German:

It extolled "real democracy" and "the people." It promoted the democratization of society. Elitism was out. The Führer was a leader, not a ruler; Big Brother, not a father. It diminished the influence of the nobility and the clergy, and increased social mobility. It introduced state supervision and control of industry and farming. It exalted youth, at the expense of parental authority; exalted labor; exalted the natural sciences, especially biology. With its worship of race, soil, and nature it sought the "Greening of Germany."

This program was by no means reactionary or "rightist." In fact, it was extremely "progressive," had a wide appeal, and triumphed in free elections. Hence we have a number of serious German authors who consider National Socialism "a breakthrough of modernity" in Germany.

If we look at the results of the elections of July 31, 1932 (the Nazis' high-water mark in the Weimar Republic) and compare them with those of November 19, 1972, in which the International Socialists (*Sozialdemokraten*) gained "direct mandates," it becomes evident which districts in Germany (in spite of the huge migration of 1945-47) are traditionally "progressive" (totalitarian and leftist) and which are "conservative" (personalist and rightist).

And if we compare the program of the Nazis outlined above with that of the present-day "Sozis" inside and outside Germany, we see, in spite of a few deviations (racism, militarism), their essentially common outlook and aims. Of course, their *image d'Epinal* is not exactly the Soviet Union, but Sweden, where socialist totalitarianism is coming "the cold way," the "democratic" way, thus fulfilling Tocqueville's vision of the totalitarian welfare state as a specifically "democratic" menace.

All this does not mean that we ought to ignore all their horrors from Auschwitz to Vorkuta and judge National and International Socialism in a spirit of benevolence, or that we should underwrite the "enlightened" spirit of our times. Quite the contrary: No matter how harmless certain progressive ideas may appear on the surface, they embody a spirit which is absolutely contrary to our Western Christian heritage.

What the National Socialists achieved with sudden brutality, practically overnight, the Socialists are doing more slyly, with greater caution, gradually. The illness is still very much with us and, like most diseases, its focus of infection can be traced to specific points, to specific parts of the globe—in Germany and elsewhere. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

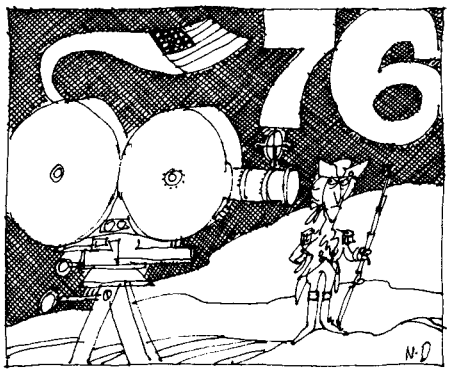
D. KEITH MANO

Foundering Fathers

1976. It'll be like sitting second row center at an autopsy. Open casting for the first-string spirits of '76. And an open season on them. Just for starters the Met has commissioned a Hamilton-Burr shootout opera. Expect major dramatic "reconsiderations" of our national ancestry. George Washington Superstar. Marlon Brando method-acting Tom Jefferson: "Uh . . . I declare —what I mean, man . . . I declare these truths to be, you know, *self-evident.*" Betsy Fonda, in linsey-woolsey Levis, burning a Day-glo American flag. Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin, Burr: They were our big men, big-passioned. And, Lord, have they ever given hostages to the fortune hunters. Wind up your 17-jeweled anachronisms. It's the cheapest cheap shot: Condemn a man because he wasn't insane or pessimistic enough to foresee the Warren Court.

In New York, already we have *A Great Hoss Pistol.* Seven young people, barefoot, dressed in what seem to be old moving-van blankets, reciting, singing sentences of public speech and private correspondence. *Hoss Pistol* is pretty honest, not particularly agitprop, more a trailer for Bicentennial enormities. Director Omar Shapli tells me he is developing a technology for historical drama. His company has been working on Hamilton and Jefferson about as long as Hamilton and Jefferson worked on being Hamilton and Jefferson. Well, two years anyway. Texts change; interpretations. The concept is intriguing: to develop a ceremony, a liturgy that sets Colonial and Federalist America. Characters walk around inside-out: with the subconscious topmost, vulnerable and raw as ground chuck. Shapli's people are digging archaeological trenches for the man, Jefferson. The man, Burr. A commonplace justification: I suspect it'll be the Arian heresy of 1976.

The body work in *Hoss Pistol* is superb: It often shoulders, elbows aside the windy text. These seven know one another physically as brothers and sisters do who have slept for years in the same bed. They handle other legs, other arms like utensils: It's fine ensemble acting, a sort of composite anatomy. Shapli's blocking has Titian composition; it pulls your eye irresistibly over the stark, useful, multileveled stage, a frigate's bridge perhaps. In their neutral clothing they shift Proteanly from spear carrier to star to inanimate object: a cradle, a churn, whatever, human props. Ron Van Lieu, Jefferson much of the time, is marvelous: an actor who takes as many risks as Spider Man and gets



away with everything. The music "compiled, combined, composed, and directed" by Warren Swenson, an exceptional talent, is apt, both authentic and original. Swenson insinuates an eighth physique into the body pile. *Hoss Pistol* is a pleasure to watch: It has the fascination of chromosomes in mitosis.

Unlike Hector and Achilles our heroes are defined by their intellectual categories: It's very convenient. The national schizophrenia gets personified neatly in Jefferson and Hamilton: romantic agrarian and pragmatic industrialist. But opposites cancel out to produce Burr the unprincipled opportunist. Burr has the last word: a cynical amen. In him the nation's destiny was first manifested. It's Shapli's point: "The evolution of America's aggressiveness." Oh, heck. There never was an aggressive Indian. Burr is a less integrated character, more leering chorus than participant. The Hamilton-Jefferson relationship is natural drama. Shapli grafts on quotes from Blake's "America" for mystical optimism, "what the new nation might have been." The grafts don't take. Shapli seems to have selected lines by a car-keys-in-the-fishbowl method. "The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent" is somewhat tough to assimilate, especially for audiences coming in late. You need a libretto with exegesis. During the prologue—a *Reader's Digest* version of Colonial America—the references are chaotic and, at times, downright misleading. One begins then to concentrate on music and motion.

Come the blunderbuss ironies. Hamilton, say, doing pr work for child labor. "Women and children are rendered more useful, and the latter more early useful, by manufacturing establishments, than they would otherwise be . . . the greatest proportion are children, and many of them of a very tender age. . . ." Audiences are astonished. The cast of seven mimes a sweatshop. Hamilton as the villainous Dr. Shade. But his stress, of course, is on "more useful" not on "more labor." What do you think a craft apprentice's hours were? Or a farm boy's? Longer, heavier certainly; less impersonal, yes, but you could hardly pass laws regulating Farmer Jones's exploitation of his children. Labor was scarce and expensive: This necessity, more even than garden-variety greed, was mother to our mechanical inventiveness. But *Hoss Pistol* leaves Hamilton's statement naked of its historical context. Hamilton, the man.

Unsurprisingly, much is made of "all men are created equal" and Jefferson's slave concubine, Sally Hemmings. There are no degrees in history, no allowable compromises. By this logic the Constitution can't be written until slavery is abolished. It's the liberal mentality: Press an issue to absolutes of freedom, to a point where no middle-sized freedoms can first be admitted. Slaveholder/emancipator. Jefferson, the man. Program notes state, "text by Jefferson, Hamilton . . . and Omar Shapli." The

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Shapli influence provides dramatic profits. He physicalizes the Jefferson-Benjamin Banneker correspondence. Black and white grapple in a half-sexual encounter, as Banneker reads back the Declaration to its author. A stunning moment: I was moved. But Shapli's habit is pernicious. For example, he supplies dialogue to a final meeting between Jefferson and Burr: The results are unacceptable, false. You find what you want to find. Jefferson, my man, your man.

Hoss Pistol has functioned in part under a National Endowment grant given through NYU's School of the Arts. They need new support, new quarters. I hope they find help. With the two hundredth coming, I expect they will. Shapli tells me that, to his knowledge, no one from the National Endowment has seen *Hoss Pistol*. I don't advocate government interference, but some interest, some awareness might be in order. As for me, I have a better idea for the Bicentennial. July 4th, 1976, in the afternoon, we might undeclare our independence. Two hundred years to the minute. It would have the pleasing shape of art. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Ars Sacra in the Peruna Belt

The carpets are royal blue, imperial purple, ruby red, and an inch-and-a-half thick. The walls are wood-paneled or covered in matching damask (actually a special kind of plastic); scattered about the rooms are pieces of majolica, bits of Gothic carving, Italian *cassoni*. Hidden loudspeakers waft soft strains of Handel or Vivaldi as you make your way through the galleries, rubbing your eyes—for here, at the Bob Jones University Museum (Greenville, South Carolina), you're looking at an array of pictures (medieval, Renaissance, Baroque, eighteenth-century) that is nothing short of incredible. How was it possible, in the short space of twenty years, to assemble such a collection, especially at a time when Old Masters, especially with names like these, have become so scarce and so expensive as to be almost unavailable? And what are they doing here—of all places? It's all very mysterious.

Bob Jones University, a fundamentalist, evangelical, Protestant college, hardly seems a likely locale for an art museum, let alone one splattered with names like Botticelli, Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, Tintoretto, and a host of lesser-knowns. Resolutely orthodox in the most rigid sense of the word, its instruction is predicated on the creed that "whatever the Bible says is true"; students and faculty members must solemnly swear, each year, to dedicate themselves to combat "all atheistic, agnostic, pagan, and so-called scientific adulterations of the Gospel." Though the University Bulletin claims that the college's academic standards "could make necessary adjustments to qualify for membership in any educational association," it does not, by choice, do so, so as to maintain the "freedom to experiment independently along certain lines educationally." In practice, this means that it can and does exclude blacks for reasons of racial purity. (Though Orientals and American Indians are occasionally admitted, they are forbidden to socialize with anyone not of their own race, on penalty of immediate expulsion.) Bible courses are required each semester; there is daily compulsory chapel; and each class starts with a prayer. While my short visit there was too brief to get more than a superficial view of the place, I was struck by the fact that, in a faculty of over two hundred, only 27 are listed in the Bulletin as having doctoral degrees, and that Latin is conspicuous by its absence in the courses offered by the department of Ancient Languages.

Predictably, the museum displays only "sacred" art. The anti-Catholicism that marks theology at Bob Jones does not, curiously enough, include the paintings, most of which, naturally, were painted by faithful sons of the Church. Credit for the collection belongs, I was told, entirely to Dr. Bob Jones Jr., Chancellor of the University and son of the founder. It was he who acquired the "forty original masterpieces" with which the museum opened in 1951; by 1965, he had accumulated enough pictures to fill the thirty galleries of the present luxurious building, "no surprise to anyone," says the alumni magazine, "who is familiar with the history of Bob Jones University, every aspect of which is a witness to the miraculous power and blessing of God upon the 'World's Most Unusual University,' as it is often called."

Miracles aside, the knowledgeable visitor will readily detect restoration and repaint on many, if not most, pictures, especially those of the early periods, which look blazingly new and bright. (The museum has its own conservation workshop.) The extravagant names attached to so many of the canvases will also give him pause. In fairness, however, it should be noted that the catalogue's attributions are more conservative than the labels, though in many instances, positive opinions as to authorship are cited at the expense of more negative evaluations. It is intriguing that so many pictures were bought from the dealer Julius Weitzner, who recently made news by acquiring one of the Metropolitan Museum's castoffs and selling it at an enormous profit. Mr. Weitzner is also listed as donor of a number of works, and I was told he was a close friend of Dr. Bob Jr. Still, it is no secret that neither he nor the other dealers listed in the catalogue—respected firms like Wildenstein, Schaeffer, Newhouse—are in the art business for their health or even (though perhaps Dr. Jones would deny it) for the sake of their immortal souls. One must assume that this museum represents a healthy tax-deductible investment for one or more people—but, of course, no information on this or any other financial matter was forthcoming, other than the assurance that Bob Jones University receives nothing from the government.

Quite a mystery—but there are enough outstanding pictures, especially in the recently fashionable fields of Italian and Spanish Baroque, to make a visit to this strange place very rewarding. One hopes—probably in vain—that competent scholars will one day be permitted to give these works the thorough examination they deserve.

THE DAY BEFORE, I had visited Atlanta's High Museum, a very different and somehow friendlier place than the Greenville institution. While the latter seems to be floating in greenbacks, the High Museum, despite its location in what the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce refers to as "The Next Great City," is chronically strapped for acquisition funds; its permanent collection reflects the somewhat whimsical tastes of local nabobs, it also contains some good pictures from the Kress Collection and a few really wonderful objects (among

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them, a rare standing saint by the German Renaissance wood-carver Tilman Riemenschneider) given by Mrs. Isidor Straus in memory of her Macy's-founding husband. Recently the museum's endowment has begun to increase—but rather than trying to expand its permanent holdings by competing in today's sky-high art market, it has decided to spend its money on loan exhibitions to attract not only native Atlantans but the Northern emigrants who have been flocking to the city in the wake of its industrial boom. □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Auf Wiedersehen, Adolf

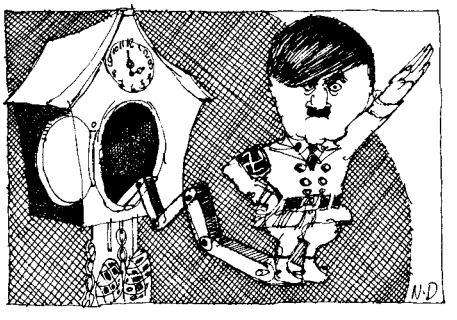
Dr. Szasz warns us not to ascribe "mental illness" to those whose actions we can't comprehend. While that imputation allows society to separate out its eccentrics, it also frustrates an intelligent understanding of outlandishness. Take Hitler, for instance: He was a "madman"; his "fiendish" plans were "insane"; his Third Reich, a "demented" monstrosity; his genocide of the Jews, the "lunatic" excess of a twisted mentality. He was not "like us"; we yearn to believe that, as we insist on his being utterly depraved, a unique genetic mutant. To encompass the hideousness of Adolf Hitler, the unspeakable wickedness of his actions, the common approach is: Separate him out. An evil genius. And that's that.

Not so, Hannah Arendt urged. Her telling phrase, the "banality of evil" (applied in her book about Eichmann), opens another perspective for viewing such men. It is this approach that permeates *Hitler: The Last Ten Days*, a British-Italian production based on the ostensible eyewitness account of Gerhard Boldt, who was in the Hitler bunker during the period April 20-30, 1945. Mad, yes, he seems "mad," whatever that means, but also banal, familiarly ordinary, the bourgeois gentleman manqué.

It is a strange film, disquieting not only because of its subject, surely one of the three true horror tales of modern times (the others: Stalinism and Maoism), but also because, curiously, it lacks compelling force. It seems somehow more than ten days, dragging on, and on, until the "banality" of Hitler's evil becomes at last a trifle distracting.

Yet it has the feeling of authenticity, and I don't mean because Hugh Trevor-Roper certifies its accuracy and Alistair Cooke briefly introduces it with one of those TV-type pedantries. If it reduces Hitler's henchmen to corporate lackeys, so, we feel, they must have become. If Eva Braun is given to uttering such chilling, witless profundities as "What a pity to the world that you couldn't have devoted your life to art!," we know indeed that she was not remarked for her intellect, nor did Hitler stick with her for her beauty, though on screen she is, alas, a pip. If Alec Guinness' Hitler seems a prig, and something of a *yenta* concerning the dangers of smoking, and a vacuous romantic too (distressed that he could not prolong his life until May 5, like Napoleon), again we sense the portrayal is right.

The producers could not resist interspersing shots of destruction and back-



flashes to the glory days, these little moral-historical asides cluttering up the quite sufficient story there in the bunker, school-marmishly making sure that the audience is properly instructed in contextual significances. This hurts the film; it permits the viewer that smug inner satisfaction of seeing it all in the round, as it were, witnessing Hitler's delusions punctuated by reality's rock, his bloated art-deco menage the more callous by contrast to that devastation overtaking the capital of his thousand-year empire. A more daring film, one that would have taxed producer Ennio de Concini's talents more, but would have been stunning had it succeeded, would have kept the whole of the action fifty feet below. But that would have required some real attention to the set: That bunker is a fright; it could not have been quite so ghastly. Still, the chocolate cake lights up Hitler's eyes, the plump ladies and their asinine husbands flutter about the Führer with sycophant ease, and Guinness as Hitler puts to the test our "mental illness" copout, offering us a quite ordinary fellow with quite extraordinary sureness in seizing the opportunities for malevolence.

Short takes: The summer offerings are rich, a full house of goodies. *A Doll's House*, one of the genuine Ibsen masterpieces, was last butchered (in my memory, at any rate) by Tallulah on TV years ago. Now, rescued by Claire Bloom and Anthony Hopkins as Nora and her MCP (male chauvinist pig) husband Torvald, aided by Dame Edith Evans, Denholm Elliot, and Ralph Richardson, Patrick Garland's film explores the extra-women's-lib dimensions of this classic, breathing life into an old but wise tale.

Money, Money, Money is Claude Lelouche's drollery about a pack of political thugs bent on an assortment of foulnesses. A gem. As is *Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing*, which, once past the licorice title, presents Maggie Smith Decembering it to Timothy Bottoms' May. The lady swiftly emerges, these past few years, as a priceless screen resource; this, along with *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and *Travels with My Aunt*: a threefold testimony to her skill.

I'm a sucker for thrillers, and have thirsted two years for something as juicy as *The Day of the Jackal*. We *know* they didn't get General de Gaulle in that assassination attempt, but the film, like Frederick Forsyth's gargantuan book, is suspenseful throughout. *Jackal* is one of those movies you like despite your realization that it's hokey, one that sister Pauline Kael might put in her special category of *good* trash. So be it; it's cheap thrills but delicious.

W. C. Fields would have dropped beneath her force: Tatum O'Neal (Ryan's little girl) rides thunder over daddy in *Paper Moon*. Adapted from Joe David Brown's novel, *Addie Pray*, this film by Peter Bogdanovich puts us back in the Depression (mercifully, for only ninety minutes), and you can take the children to it without needing a stiff one beforehand. I wanted to hate it, loathing sentimentality, but it won. So do the viewers. □

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BOOKS

An Unrepentant McGovernite

ROBERT P. NOVAK

Right from the Start: A Chronicle of the McGovern Campaign
By Gary Warren Hart
Quadrangle, 334 pp., $7.95

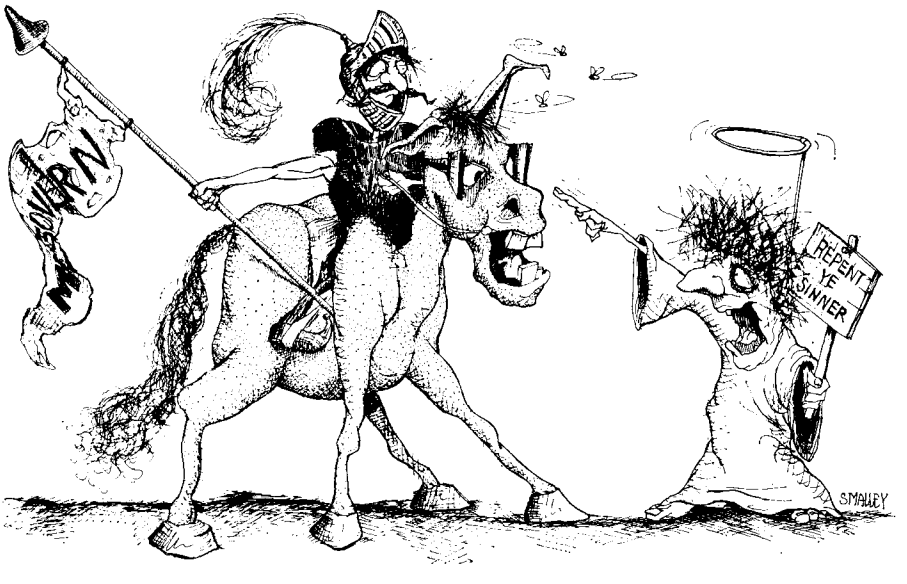
This thoroughly wretched campaign memoir might at least serve one useful function if it warns other lawyer-politicians not to do without a ghost-writer. Gary Hart, a stylishly liberal young lawyer from Denver who was a national campaign manager of sorts for Senator George S. McGovern in 1972, gives no credit in the preface for professional assistance. The book shows it. Mr. Hart's lawyer-like prose runs to tedious recountings of who attended staff meetings, agendas for the meetings, and unending lists of campaign projects. His format of a reconstructed diary written after the fact manages to lack both spontaneity and cohesiveness. He has thus transformed the excitement of presidential campaigning into mind-numbing tedium.

Nor would it be prudent to search here for previously unpublished nuggets about the McGovernite takeover of the Democratic Party. Mr. Hart is resolutely uncandid, and what new tidbits he intends to put on the historical scrap heap are suspect because of the author's malevolence toward both friend and foe. A major motive of Mr. Hart in writing the book seems to have been vengeance against those he feels wronged him. Their ranks are legion. In particular, those Democrats who regarded McGovern's nomination as a disaster are written off as a "kamikaze . . . die-hard element in the party."

In sum, it is difficult to imagine why anybody, other than a book reviewer or Mr. Hart's victims, would endure the agony of wading through these 334 pages. But having done so, I can report one fact with possible future significance for the Democratic Party and the nation: Mr. Hart has not the slightest idea of why his candidate won only Massachusetts and the District of Columbia against Richard Nixon. Nor do a great many other Democratic politicians, McGovernite and non-McGovernite alike. If they are truly unable to read the lessons of recent history, they are condemned to repeat their mistakes to the enduring benefit of the Republican Party, even in the face of Watergate and President Nixon's disastrous economic phases.

Mr. Hart, of course, feels constrained to offer some notions explaining the McGovern debacle and scatters them, helter-skelter, through the jumble of his reconstructed diary. Because McGovern's foes contested the nomination on the floor at Miami Beach instead of surrendering, he writes, "there was no time for unencumbered preparation for the general election campaign." After that, "the failure of McGovern's more liberal colleagues to stand with him" cast doubt in the minds of the voters about McGovern's worth. The Eagleton affair "cost McGovern any chance he had to win the Presidency." The assassination attempt against George Wallace, somehow, cost McGovern any chance to win the blue-collar vote. In other words, McGovern was destroyed by the inconstancy of his comrades and some terrible luck.

JUST SUCH theorizing, now quite popular on the Democratic Left, defies reality. George McGovern's true problem was not the tenacity of his all-too-feeble centrist opposition but the inevitable exposure of his views to the public as he began to corner the Democratic nomination. Once it became clear that McGovern favored a confiscatory tax policy, wholesale disarmament, more welfare and more busing, and amnesty for draft-dodgers, he was doomed. With McGovern offering to "beg" Hanoi for the release of prisoners of war, his viability as a candidate was shattered long before the Eagleton affair. Whether or not Mayor Richard J. Daley of Chicago and the regulars supported him vigorously became ir-



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relevant. There was simply no possibility that Daley's precinct captains could talk the white working-class voters of Chicago into voting for anybody with McGovern's positions.

If there was any remote hope for McGovern's salvation, it was shattered at the great "reform" convention at Miami Beach. The televised sight of the "people's delegates"—variously bearded, long-haired, unkempt, sandal-clad, braless—arguing with one another over abortion and Gay Liberation each night for a solid week was so foreign to the sensibilities of the rest of the country that McGovern could never truly convince America he was no radical.

Mr. Hart ignores almost all of this. The offer to "beg" Hanoi is not mentioned. Nor is the culture shock of Miami Beach. Indeed, he shares the widespread view so pervasive among McGovernites (including McGovern himself) in early 1972 that "the disillusionment among" the black, the minority groups, and youth "was mirrored in the brooding anti-establishmentarianism of the so-called Wallace voters." Therefore, McGovern could become the potential favorite of the blue-collar voter. The fact that disillusionment of the blue-collar worker stemmed in no small part from antigovernment and antitax, and, frankly, antiblack feeling was disregarded by the McGovernites, and is still being disregarded by them.

Two-thirds of the way through his jumbled narrative, Mr. Hart appears to stumble on the truth: "I believe we lost the election on the issues and not on the politics." And near the end, he abruptly concludes that some proposals McGovern "had chosen to feature in his campaign appeared to be vulnerable at best and ill-conceived at worst." But Mr. Hart's primary purpose in saying this is to savage his principal rival inside the campaign, Frank Mankiewicz. In the campaign's vague division of labor Mr. Hart was roughly in charge of organization and Mankiewicz roughly in charge of issues; hence, the blame can be laid on Mankiewicz, not Mr. Hart. The real reasons why McGovern's positions were "vulnerable" and "ill-conceived" do not engage the author's attention.

Like much of the McGovern high command, Mr. Hart is simplistic and reflexive when discussing issues. At the outset, he asserts that McGovern deserved the nomination because of his "outspoken leadership against the Vietnam war and against hunger in America and for reform of the Democratic Party's rules and procedures. . . ." He never rises much above this level of ideological discourse, but neither did McGovern or anybody else in that campaign.

There is throughout this book a telltale strain of a politician seeking to become a revolutionary, albeit an infantile, romantic revolutionary. The McGovernites are referred to by Mr. Hart as "a guerrilla army" which practices "insurgency politics," like the "Vietcong" and "Che Guevara." This was the mind-set of the activists who captured the Democratic Party in 1972 and who intend to write a new charter for it in 1974 that would guarantee the continued alienation of working class voters from the party. Unrepentant and unchanged, they intend to make McGovernite politics not an aberration but the standard of their party. That menace not only to the Democratic Party but ultimately to two-party politics emerges from the miasma of Gary Hart's prose. □

Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72
By Dr. Hunter S. Thompson
Straight Arrow, 506 pp., $7.95

Running
By Bob Greene
Regnery, 267 pp., $7.95

ONCE UPON A BALLOT

DAVID BRUDNOY

Once, in antiquity, two knights jousted for the hand of a lovely, powerful maiden, the Princess America. Scribes and sages intently scrutinized that yearlong contest between wicked Baron Richard the Nixon and winsome, splendiferous Sir George of the Prairie (yclept McGovern). Records from those distant times have of late filtered down to us; the two now before us record the struggles of these two dissimilar knights. Thompson's Chronicle (*Fear and Loathing*, fetchingly illustrated) and Greene's Journal (*Running*) will in due course be supplanted by Squire Teddy White's Saga (*The Making of . . .*); for the nonce, however, we may place our trust in the absolutely impartial accounts by Thompson and Greene.

Both scribes stood athwart the outworn mode of dull, neutral reportage—"And quite athwart Goes all decorum"; "all athwart there came A Post from Hampshire, loaden with heauy Newes" (Shaks.)—and sided with the angels: "So much for Objective Journalism. Don't bother to look for it here" (Thompson). How history is indebted to these two champions of Truth and Beauty! How dutifully they tell us of their noble sacrifice, going without sleep for months, sworn to follow the knights and comment sagaciously on their exploits. How thrilling their constant descent into the earthiest language of the day, to spice their juicy scrolls with Vox Populi. How cozily they depict all phases of this endless battle from the vantage point of scholars aware that in Sir George all Nobility resided, while in Baron Richard the squalidness of the ages found its natural berth. What a joy for your servant to meander through 773 exquisitely fashioned pages of matchless precision, here to share my findings with you, our devoted readers, perhaps hitherto ignorant of the facts.

Listen to Greene's Journal, to the sounds of Sir Victor the Gold, aide to Agnew the Greek, henchman to Richard: "DAMMIT, YOU, MOVE THIS GODDAM BUS, DON'T SIT THERE, JUST MOVE THIS GODDAM BUS! NOW. DAMMIT, NOW!" Sir Victor spake only in CAPITALS, we learn, and what *that* says about the Greek and Baron Richard. Oh, the callousness: "People in this country . . . have to send their kids to school in tattered clothing or . . . as Agnew laughingly pointed out, eat dog food instead of people food." The boorish allies of Baron Richard thirst for military supremacy: "Give the man what he wants. Arm him to the teeth.

Robert Novak *syndicated columnist and student of political parties, is author of* The Agony of the GOP 1964. . . . **David Brudnoy** *is author of* The Conservative Alternative. . . . **John Coyne** *works for the Vice President.* . . . **Walter Darnell Jacobs** *teaches at the University of Maryland.* . . . **Thomas Jukes** *is associated with the Space Science Laboratory at Berkeley.* . . . **Geoffrey Wagner** *teaches at CCNY.*

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ONCE UPON A TIME, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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RANDOM NOTES

■ Out Next Month: Laurence Martin, Professor of War Studies at King's College in London, tallies up the military might of the major nations in *Arms and Strategy* (McKay, $15.75). . . . Douglas Gilbert's pictures and Clyde S. Kilby's words fashion a handsome album, *C. S. Lewis: Images of His World* (Eerdmans, $12). . . . Galbraith's newest is *Economics and the Public Purpose* (Houghton, $10). . . . Rollo May recalls his friendship with Tillich in *Paulus* (Harper, $5.95). For the same house, Arthur R. Jensen follows his *Genetics and Education* with *Educability and Group Differences* ($10).

■ September Titles. Senator Javits and Don Kellermann explore the constitutional problem of *Who Makes War* (Morrow, $8.95). For the same house, Volume I of "one of the greatest autobiographies of our time" (London *Sunday Times*), Malcolm Muggeridge's *Chronicles of Wasted Time* ($6.95). . . . Max Gallo revisits *Mussolini's Italy* for Macmillan ($9.95), and Heinrich Hoffman and Henry Picker add another word-and-picture entry to the Nazi sweepstakes with *Hitler Close-Up* ($9.95). . . . Graham Greene's *Collected Stories* number forty (Viking, $8.95).

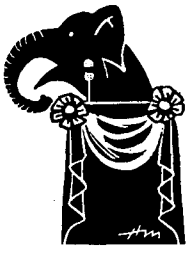
Bruce Larson's *Lindbergh of Minnesota* is a political biography of Charles Sr. with a foreword by Charles Jr. (Harcourt, $14.50). . . . *The Basil and Josephine Stories* are 14 by Scott Fitzgerald collected for the first time by Scribner's ($8.95). The same publisher out with Brian Crozier's *De Gaulle* ($12.50). . . . Three from Harper: Columbia historian Richard B. Morris probes *Seven Who Shaped Our Destiny: The Founding Fathers as Revolutionaries* ($8.95). Hugh Thomas inks a bio of *John Strachey* ($8.50). *Alexander Hamilton: A Biography in His Own Words* has been assembled by Mary-Jo Kline ($15).

■ Lavish Books for Christmas. Likely to be the most ogled book of the season is *Happy Days*: Five hundred Jerome Zerbe photos of yesteryear's beau monde, with the accent on Hollywood and text by Brendan Gill (Harcourt, Oct., $25). From the same house: *The Notebooks of Martha Graham* (Oct., $25). . . . Peter C. Marzio's *Rube Goldberg* is a biography with over two hundred illustrations (Harper, Sept.; $10 till Jan. 1, then $12.50). From the same house, *The Wild Places: A Photographic Celebration of Unspoiled America* has 166 photos, text by Ann and Myron Sutton (Oct.; $25 till Jan. 1, then $27.50).

■ Paperbacks. Henry Kissinger's 1964 work, *A World Restored: Metternich, Castlereagh, and the Problems of Peace 1812-1822*, foreshadowed some Nixonian approaches, is now available again from Sentry ($3.95).

Make him the meanest, toughest m---------- at that conference table." What dreariness pervaded the Nixon camp, those who "came out to see Agnew remind me of middle-aged men who go home out of habit each night to their faithful, fading wives." Can the imaginative prose of Greene's Journal, recreating those fateful months from July to November of that ancient year, be bested?

Yea. Yea. Yeah. The best is yet to come. There was once, long ago, a theological journal called *Rolling Stone*, whose national affairs editor, this Thompson, sacrificed health and sanity in order to report the doings of George and Richard. A self-proclaimed "drughead" (arch.), leading practitioner of "Gonzo Journalism" (def.: "intense, demented involvement"), Thompson was the aphorist of his generation. Of the lesser contenders for America's favor, Thompson writes acidly. Sir Hubert of the Drugstore: "A treacherous, gutless old ward-heeler . . . who should be put in a goddam bottle and sent out with the Japanese Current . . . campaigning like a rat in heat . . . a swine . . . he looks like he died in 1959 and has been frozen ever since." Lord Edmund the Musk: "He talked like a farmer with terminal cancer trying to borrow money on next year's crop." Squire Wallace of Alabam: "One of the worst charlatans in politics." McGovern's first lieutenant, Earl Eagleton the Shocked: "A harmless, Catholic, neo-liberal Rotarian nebbish . . . an opportunistic liar." And so it goes.



But for all his growing disenchantment with the ineptitudes of Sir George's hapless fight, Thompson reserved his deadliest fire for Baron Richard and Sir Hubert, both "career anti-Communists," the worstest sin. (Note: "Communists" were nonexistent bogeymen, like Bavarian Illuminati, conjured up by evil hysterics to frighten the children.) This Richard was a malevolent scoundrel who intended to instill a reign of terror: "jails full of bewildered 'political prisoners' and the constant cold-sweat fear of jackboots suddenly kicking your door off its hinges at four A.M." For Nixon "represents that dark, venal, and incurably violent side of the [national] character almost every other country in the world has learned to fear and despise. Our Barbie doll [Richard], with his Barbie doll wife and his boxful of Barbie doll children . . . speaks for the Werewolf in us; the bully, the predatory shyster who turns into something unspeakable, full of claws and bleeding sting-warts, on nights when the moon comes too close."

It is not recorded who won the fair America's favor. But along near the finish of his chronicle, Thompson hints: "At the stroke of midnight in Washington [note: a faraway village thriving on deranged Rumor], a drooling red-eyed beast with the legs of a man and a head of a giant hyena crawls out of its bedroom window in the South Wing of the White House [perhaps a temple?] and leaps fifty feet down to the lawn . . . pauses briefly to strangle the Chow watchdog, then races off into the darkness . . . toward the Watergate [an impregnable castle fortress], snarling with lust, loping through the alleys behind Pennsylvania Avenue [a broad, litter-strewn footpath], and trying desperately to remember which one of those four hundred identical balconies is the one outside [the soothsayer] Martha Mitchell's apartment. . . ." □

Laughing All the Way
By Barbara Howar
Stein & Day, 298 pp., $7.95

The Last of the Southern Girls
By Willie Morris
Knopf, 287 pp., $6.95

BARBARA/CAROL

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

"There was a color photograph of me in *Time* in a $600 dress dancing cheek-to-cheek with a man I helped elect President of the United States. . . . Those 15 minutes in Lyndon Johnson's arms elevated me from obscurity. For, whatever else the old commander in

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chief may have been, he was highly skilled at wrapping a leg around a dancing partner."

Of such stuff is *Laughing All the Way* composed. Mrs. Howar's career classification would in another capital in another age be "lady-in-waiting" or perhaps even "courtesan." She arrived on the Washington scene during the Camelot years, and she offers us entertaining, women's-magazinish glimpses into the style of the Kennedy court and especially of its princesses.

In the campaign of 1964 she came into her own, when she "helped elect" LBJ by playing nursemaid to the Johnson girls and combing Lady Bird's hair. Like any good lady of any good court she eventually cuckolded her husband with, among others, a presidential assistant and a U.S. senator. (Neither is named, but the senator is from the Midwest, considers himself a dark-horse presidential candidate, and is known to his constituents as a model husband.)

Inevitably, as happens in all monarchies, she fell from grace, but succeeded in re-establishing herself in Washington society by hosting a TV talk show and finally by writing this wretched book. Mrs. Howar's only real accomplishment here is to confirm many of our worst fears about the monarchal tendencies of our government and the consequent trivialization of the precepts of democratic morality.

The story of one modestly talented, moderately attractive woman who succeeded in something that would not have been possible in a more sensible society doesn't sound like the basis for a first-rate novel. And Willie Morris proves it isn't.

Carol Honeywell, heroine of *The Last of the Southern Girls*, is modeled on Barbara Howar, with whom Morris had an affair. Much of the book reads like a dramatization of *Laughing All the Way*, and like Mrs. Howar's own book it fails to answer one central question—what makes Barbara/Carol run?

Morris gave us two fine books on the South as seen by a Southern expatriate. But here he seems to be cannibalizing his earlier works, rewriting chunks of *North toward Home* and *Yazoo* without deepening the perceptions of the Southern experience that illuminated those books.

The intention, apparently, is to add substance to the character of Barbara/Carol by showing us that she behaves as she does because of her unique Southern upbringing. But she is not Zelda, Morris is not Faulkner, and despite magnolias and moonlight on the Mississippi and good ole boys and monuments to the Confederate dead, Barbara/Carol would probably have behaved the same way had she been born in Sioux Falls or Bend, Oregon.

In places Morris writes beautifully, but often he seems to need an oil change. Especially sludgy is the ponderous dialogue involving the congressman with whom Barbara/Carol has an affair that takes up the last half of the novel. It's embarrassing stuff, for one suspects that the congressman represents Morris' picture of himself in love. If so, the answer to the question of what makes Barbara run may be a very simple one—it's a bunch of men with incredibly inflated ideas of themselves who go to incredible lengths to rationalize immorality and to find significance in essentially sordid and inconsequential trivia. And maybe, in the end, that's part of what's wrong with Washington. □

Codeword Barbarossa
By Barton Whaley
MIT Press, 377 pp., $10

SURPRISE, JOE!

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

If we were asleep at the switch when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Stalin was in a deep stupor when Hitler surprised him on a grand scale in June 1941.

The German army brought off this strategic coup even though Stalin had worlds of advance warning—from FDR, from Churchill, from Richard Sorge, from Lord Casey, from the AP, and from his own troops. Hanson Baldwin and Stalin seem to have been about the only people who thought it couldn't happen.

Barton Whaley has examined this spectacular event from the viewpoint of the strategic intelligence analyst. He sorts out "signals" and "noise" and comes up with a convincing explanation.

It was not the nature of the Soviet system, or Stalin's personality cult, that made evaluation of available intelligence impossible. Whaley demonstrates that all systems—not just dictatorships or Communist states—are susceptible to misreading indicators.

The problem was not that Stalin fell for the "contingency" thesis as an explanation for Hitler's build-up in the east—the thesis that Hitler was preparing for SEA LION, the invasion of England, by training his troops in Eastern Europe, away from surveillance by British aircraft. Stalin did not buy this idea, in spite of its appeal to some Western governments.

The German attack took Stalin by surprise, but not because Stalin considered Hitler trustworthy. Stalin feared and respected Hitler but he did not trust him. Stalin was convinced that Hitler would move against the USSR when the time was ripe; he just could not believe that time had come in the the summer of 1941.

WHAT happened, Whaley argues, was that Stalin was vulnerable to a delightfully simple *Täuschung* (or deception operation) by old Adolf. The ultimatum hypothesis, which fits all the available intelligence indicators, is that Hitler wanted to get more from Stalin than he was getting (which was really quite a lot). In order to do this, Hitler would increase the pressure on the Georgian by such things as a troop build-up in the east. Then, when Stalin was properly softened up, Hitler would spring the ultimatum. Stalin would, thus, have some time to get ready for the German attack by bargaining and by making concessions.

Hitler played the ultimatum line of deception so well that when the attack came Stalin thought it was just more pressure to make the expected ultimatum effective.

Whaley has done an impressive job in discovering and supporting his theory. He has covered all sources, and he is persuasive. His work deserves a place alongside modern classics about intelligence gathering.

The reviewer must note that Whaley is entranced by words such as "witting" and "caveat." He consistently says "Russia" when he means the USSR. Forgiveness, however, is his because he has produced a solid, entertaining, informative book. □

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Disaster by Oil
By Jeffrey Potter
Macmillan, 301 pp., $7.95
Power over People
By Louise B. Young
Oxford, 216 pp., $7.50
Must the Seas Die?
By Colin Moorcraft
Gambit, 194 pp., $6.95

DISASTERS BY OIL AND IN PRINT

THOMAS H. JUKES

The author of *Disaster by Oil* was a ship's engineer, and he goes into nautical details of three tanker wrecks: *Torrey Canyon*, *Ocean Eagle*, and *General Colocrinis*. Oil spills at sea are a messy business and they arouse great indignation. People jump into their cars and drive to picket the petroleum companies. Crude oil ruins beaches. There are more automobiles, trucks, furnaces in Europe, Japan, America; more oil tankers, more spills. Crude oil is part of the earth's crust and it has been leaking into the ocean for a long time, but big, sudden spills are disastrous. Eventually, although the book says little about this, oil on the surface of the sea is metabolized by micro-organisms. The book also does not say that more than two-thirds of the oil in the ocean comes from the disposal of billions of quarts

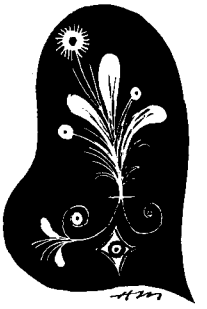
from car crankcases and oil sumps of machines, dumped into sewers and waterways. Most fresh-water fish kills are caused by oil.

Oil on the feathers of birds has been good for many headlines, but it is not mentioned by Potter that this is an old story. Before offshore drilling, Dawson's *Birds of California* (1923) told how scoters in the Santa Barbara channel become soaked with crude oil that leaks naturally from deposits below the sea. Dawson advised that such birds are beyond help, and should be killed. The scoter breeds rapidly, and sometimes thousands die in early freeze-ups off the Alaskan coast. About $300 per scoter was spent in attempted therapy for oily feathers in the San Francisco area in 1971.

THE OTHER TWO publications, *Power over People* and *Must the Seas Die?* follow the usual recipe for "eco-books." Select a topic that is on the scare list, and write about it with wild abandon, because the public must be aroused from lethargy. Revive memories of the old days of unravished beaches, homemade ice cream, wood-burning stoves, and quilting parties, but don't mention muddy roads, salt pork, house flies, infant diarrhea, or diphtheria. Drag the favorite whipping boy, DDT, around the stage for an exemplary flogging. A tip of the hat to *Silent Spring*, and a pox of the throat to the eco-pornographers of Madison Avenue. Quote alleged scientific information to impress the readers—it doesn't have to be accurate—just say that environmental pollutants cause cancer. End with a call to action, but don't suggest that we do away with jet planes or air conditioning: Just demand an end to oil-drilling and power plants.

Power over People describes a high-voltage transmission line being run through Ohio and uses this as a takeoff point for attacking technology and its various impacts on present-day life. The book's special bit is the danger of ozone, but we never find out the concentrations of ozone in the air near the power lines. Ozone is quite unstable and, if it is formed at a single point, such as a high-voltage source, there is a dilution gradient along which the ozone diffuses and breaks down and dissipates. There is a different situation when ozone is formed uniformly throughout a huge area, as in a smog layer, but this important difference is not mentioned. Unconscious humor is shown by Young when she complains that high-tension lines impair television reception.

In *Must the Seas Die?*, Moorcraft states that consumption of fish is exploding because of "the increasing use of fishmeal to feed poultry, pigs, and other livestock. Already over half the United States poultry feed is fishmeal and the proportion is continually increasing." The facts are that prior to 1942, fishmeal was plentiful enough to be used for fertilizer, but poultry feeds contained no more than 15 per cent. Fishmeal became scarce in World War II, and research showed in 1949 that soybean meal could replace it completely if vitamin B_{12}, methionine, and an antibiotic were added. About 5 per cent or less of fishmeal was used in feeds in the 1950s and 1960s; recently the level has dropped to nearly zero because fishing has been stopped off



Peru and Chile, and the price has risen to $400 per ton; most is bought by Japan. So Moorcraft's statement is plain nonsense.

His chapter on chlorinated hydrocarbons is full of untruths: "The official advisory bodies are largely comprised of scientists from the companies manufacturing the offending substance"; "in the Laguna Madre in Texas . . . there now appear to be no juvenile fish at all"; "DDT inhibits the vital process of photosynthesis in phytoplankton."

Technical subjects should not be popularized by the inexpert. □

Regiment of Women
By Thomas Berger
Simon & Schuster, 351 pp., $8.95

MISTER MS.

GEOFFREY WAGNER

Thomas Berger's new satire is a reversal. Swift forced us to take a look at ourselves through another end of the telescope by having a man become very tall, then very small. Samuel Butler continued this tradition. Berger makes man a woman.

A brunette is a brunet. In his twenty-first century women are Presidents, foul-mouthed generals, and boxing champs, history has been rewritten (Leonarda da Vinci having painted the *Mono Liso*), while men suffer from vulva-envy and swear , "By Mary." America has more or less broken down through an excess of altruisms—"the government flushed tax money down

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the twin toilets of welfare and military expenditure, supporting degenerates and producing billion-dollar rockets which regularly exploded on liftoff"—and the George Washington Bridge has in fact done so, having collapsed into the Hudson Sewer.

All this is fun enough, but Berger drives deeper.

Georgie Cornell, a harassed male secretary of a woman-dominated publishing firm, gets caught one night in drag, viz., wearing trousers. Arrested as a sexual pervert ("sexual sedition is a federal crime"), he is slung into the Men's House of Correction, i.e., Rockefeller Center, of which one cell block is St. Pat's (the Metropolitan Museum, by the way, has now but a handful of art works left, the rest having been found to be forgeries or thefts).

Due for emasculation, Georgie overpowers his horny female guards and escapes, falling in with a Men's Lib movement housed in the derelict subway system. Men's Lib sends him out as an agent provocateur to Camp Kilmer (named after that great poetess Joyce Kilmer); this is a sperm camp, painfully milking males of their essences ("as a schoolboy he had heard horror stories of perverted, criminal women who produced babies from their own bodies"), while the female military personnel leer at "magazine photos of boys in frilly black underwear and garter-belted black hose."

It is cleverly done and can be read either way, for Berger is not what one character warns another of being—"just another male injustice-collector." At first his satire comes on as a riproaring conflation, out of Terry Southern, of all the libertarian idiocies; yet we are left with something on the other side of the coin.

Men inherit more shibboleths than they realize about the other sex—that women are catty, irrational, "bitchy," spend hours in the john, are obsessed with eye-shadow, and the like. Thus Berger effects a curious poignancy behind his horror, one deriving from another angle of reversal-satire (Kafka's cockroach, Jean Dutourd's man with a dog's head). If anything, the book's barbs are a little diffused or diluted by being scattered wide, especially toward the end when Georgie Cornell—no Doña Juana, he—goes through analysis by a (woman) Army lieutenant. Here the "anal therapy" (standing in for shock treatment) suggests that Berger has been reading *Women and Madness*.

The jack-in-the-box character called Harriet, an FBI spy, is unsuccessful and belongs more to the *Candide* extrapolation-satire than to a reversal. Georgie's general exasperation, however, must surely be ours before the eternally utopian revolutionary simpletons in our midst today:

> Everyone else always *knew better* about sex, society, history, you name it—but always in a general way, with absolutely no acknowledgement of one single, particular, individual human being: by which he meant himself. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

What You Can Do about . . . *Inflation, Unemployment, Productivity, Profit, and Collective Bargaining, by Lemuel R. Boulware (Loeffler, Box 9622 San Diego, 192 pp., $1.35).* "What you can do" is to circulate many copies of this book. Not a bad idea, since it should rank with Hazlitt's *Economics in One Lesson* and Clark & Rimanoczy's *How We Live*—as one of the clearest, most readable lessons in the economic facts of life. Boulware's breezy, witty style sneaks the reader through some remarkably sophisticated reasoning and evidence. The book's central thesis is that the "public majority" needs to be immunized against something-for-nothing politics, which only results in less for everyone. Specifically, the expenses of any viable business must be paid for through higher prices or reduced production, all of the money government spends comes from individual citizens, and we can't have more goods and services than we produce. Communication about such things tends to travel horizontally, within one's comfortable circle, but never vertically, as from employer to employee. Boulware's name should ring a bell, since "Boulwarism" (roughly, an employer making a firm, attractive offer to unionized employees) has become a household epithet among "fat cat" union leaders. I can't imagine a better testimonial.

A. REYNOLDS

The Life of Ivy Compton-Burnett, *by Elizabeth Sprigge (Braziller, 191 pp., $7.95).* When asked about her life, Ivy Compton-Burnett would reply, "There's not much to say. I haven't been at all deedy." Miss Sprigge says not much over 191 pages, and doesn't say it terribly well. Although Miss Sprigge is herself a published novelist, she commits the novelist's cardinal sin—overgeneralizing, telling instead of showing. Granted, she does give us some details, trivia about Dame Ivy's taste in food, flowers, and jewelry. But in matters such as her conversation and her intellectual concerns, we are left to wander endlessly among generalities with scarcely an anecdote or a direct quotation for signposts. Furthermore, the picture that emerges from the handful of specific incidents she does give us is diametrically opposed to what she explicitly tells us Dame Ivy was like. She says that Dame Ivy was kind and considerate, excellent company, and beloved of all. But the character she shows us is overbearing, tyrannical, petty, a bit of a voyeur, thoroughly selfish, and quite uncharming. Students of Miss Compton-Burnett's work who want lengthy quotations from contemporary reviews of her novels may find this useful as a reference work. But for the rest, one is constrained to agree with what Miss Sprigge says in the foreword: "I shall always feel that I was overbold in agreeing to write a biography of Ivy, who had little wish to reveal her life and believed that all she had to offer the world was contained in her books."

L. BRIDGES

A Day No Pigs Would Die, *by Robert Newton Peck (Knopf, 150 pp., $4.95).* This profoundly affecting memoir-novel of life on a Vermont Shaker farm in the 1920s draws from several literary traditions. There's a bit of children's literature and a touch of Twain, but the 13-year-old narrator is involved with life, reproduction, and death—a Huck Finn without the hijinks. There's a perfect marriage of plot to place, yet the characterization combines the individual and regional with the universal and with a balance and depth seldom attained by local-color novelists. And though this is the story of a boy's coming of age, there's a refreshing absence of the lush symbolism and adolescent lust peculiar to that subgenre. The story has been told before—a boy lovingly raises a pet, displays it at a fair, must give it up. Familiar, yet perhaps never done quite so well—children's fare as adult art, supreme maturity. And through the book, running like a thread of homespun, is the description of the Shaker Way in dialogue between father and son. I know now why the ox is restless at twilight and why a pig must never be bedded near a cow, and I am the richer for it. But more than mere folklore, the Shaker tradition taught the relaxation resulting from hard work, the wealth inherent in poverty. " 'I want a store coat. I need one,' the boy tells his father. 'So do I,' he answers. 'But one thing to learn, Rob, is this. Need is a weak word. Has nothing to do with what people get. Ain't what you need that matters. It's what you do. And your mother'll do you a coat.' " Shaker suspicion of "frills" grew out of the ability to appreciate the invalidity of the concept of "need" when the concept derives solely from desire. And as the Shakers strove for something richer and more essential than "frills," so does the author, who was raised in the tradition. He dedicates this book to his father, and his father would have approved.

P. S. COYNE

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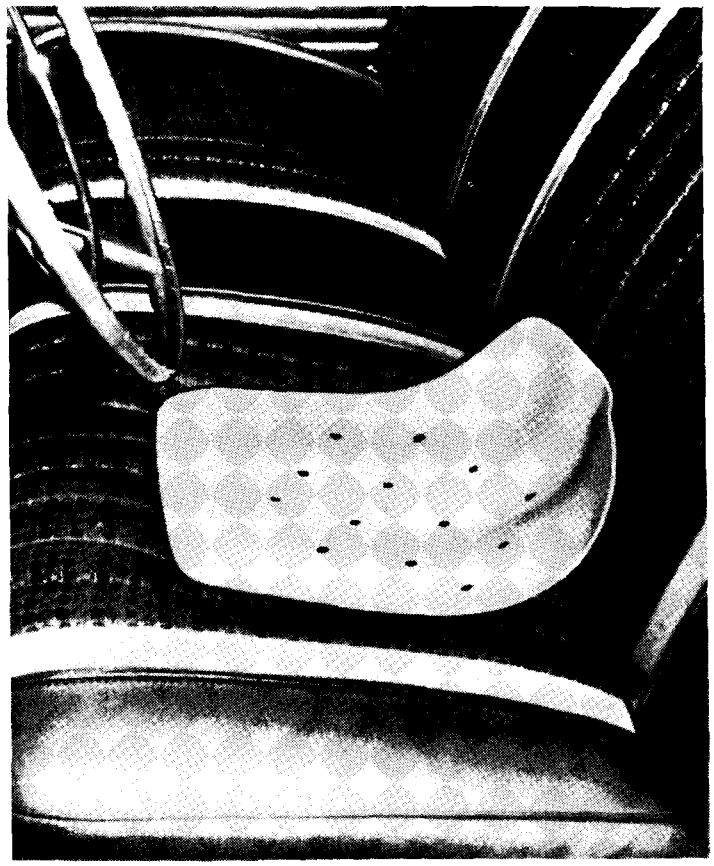

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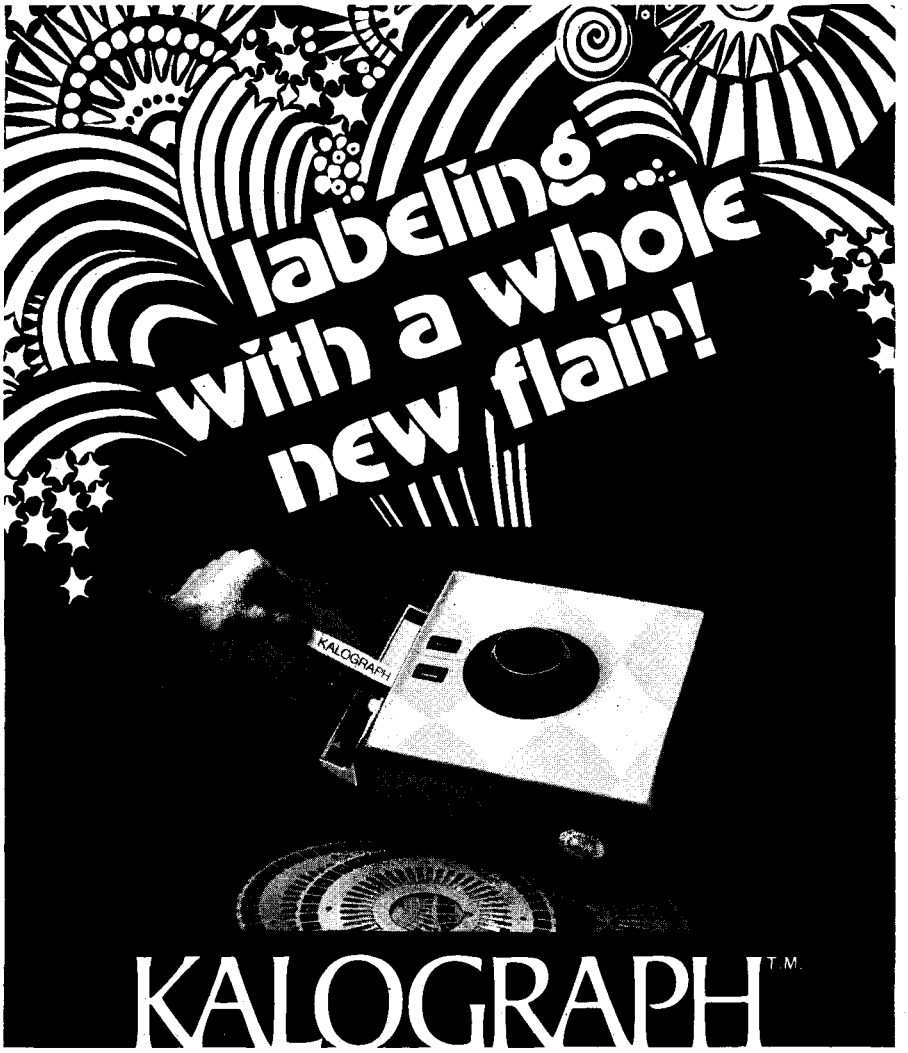

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REYNOLDS

(Continued from page 784)

hospital chain, American Medical International (AMI), has been one of the hottest stocks on the New York Stock Exchange in its brief twelve years. While nonprofit hospitals are struggling to cut the average length of stay to under 8.2 days (half the Swedish average), AMI averages 5.6 days. With fewer days and lower rates, patients in proprietary hospitals pay less. The latter days of recuperation don't require expensive hospital facilities; and thus Medicenter franchises, which specialize in caring for recuperating patients, have become popular. According to Dr. Robert Abrams of Brooklyn's Downstate Medical Center, such outpatient motels, adjacent to hospitals or clinics, would cost 80 per cent less than hospitalization.

Profit-making hospitals have also moved into small communities that otherwise would not be served; they have introduced rational separation of hospitals' medical and hotel functions and the economies of modern hotel management, and they have survived and prospered without exorbitant fees, tax exemption, charity, or government subsidy. If this is exploitation of the sick, we need more of it.

Besides the cost of doctors and hospitals, drug prices are also blamed for the increase in medical costs. But the evidence does not bear this out. Prescription-drug prices have increased by no more than 1 per cent a year for many years. The average price of a prescription has gone up, but this is because the average size of prescriptions has gone up, and doctors are prescribing more costly (and more effective) drugs. However, the fact that the price hasn't risen that much doesn't mean it isn't too high. State laws prohibiting advertising the prices of prescription drugs, imposing fair-trade pricing on nonprescription drugs, and prohibiting the substitution of generic for brand-name drugs—all such anticonsumer legislation should be repealed. Instead of requiring a prescription for vitamins and cold pills, as some have suggested, we should look for medications where a cautionary label could replace prescriptions. Pharmacists should be permitted to prescribe medication for certain conditions where the risk of diagnosis is minimal (acne, hay fever).

"Medical care is a right." If it is someone's right to receive a human service, then it is the obligation of some-

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one else to provide it—the latter is the former's slave. Unless we are willing to force people to practice medicine, we will have to provide them with attractive salaries and working conditions.

"Price discrimination aids the poor at the expense of the wealthy." In the nineteenth century, local merchants didn't put prices on goods—they charged what they thought they could get away with. Improved transportation and communication, plus the uniform pricing of some large companies, made people aware of prevailing prices. Few people nowadays would be willing to allow merchants to play Robin Hood again. The presumption is that price discrimination aided local monopolists at the expense of both the rich and the poor. If doctors and hospitals were soaking the relatively affluent only to finance aid to the poor, why didn't prices to the upper classes go down when Medicaid relieved them of the task of being welfare administrators?

"The poor can't afford health insurance." Ninety-two per cent of the noninstitutionalized population under 65 has one or more private medical insurance plans. Eighty-one per cent of those over 65 have private plans to supplement Medicare. Insurance doesn't become any cheaper when it is paid for by a compulsory levy on paychecks. Catastrophic expenses, being rare, are the easiest and cheapest thing to insure against. If we want to require people to buy a certain type of insurance, or if we want to help poor people pay the premiums, that would be easy enough to legislate. Government could also encourage new entrants into health insurance—Blue Cross-Blue Shield are too close to doctors and hospital administrators, and socialized plans have the same problem. Substituting taxes for premiums does nothing except reduce consumer choice and further inflate prices (the Medicare effect).

Competition and profit, which serve us so well in other areas, have become nasty words in the field of medicine. Profit-seeking entrepreneurs must compete against nonprofit hospitals, which charge more despite their tax exemption and other subsidies. Profit-seeking schools are effectively barred from catering to the growing list of rejected medical-school applicants. Doctors, hospitals, opticians, and pharmacists are prohibited—by law or AMA pressure—from advertising prices, thus keeping consumers vulnerable to monopoly pricing.

Socialized medicine is surely no solution to escalating medical costs. Consumers need *more* choice of doctors, hospitals, insurers, and drugs: Socialized medicine offers less choice, if any. Consumers need *more* information about the prices of medical services: Socialized medicine promises to obscure those costs further. The solution to monopoly is not to embrace it and bring it even deeper into the protective womb of state compulsion. The solution to monopoly is competition □

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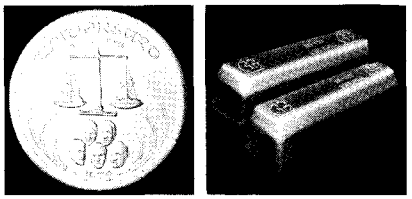

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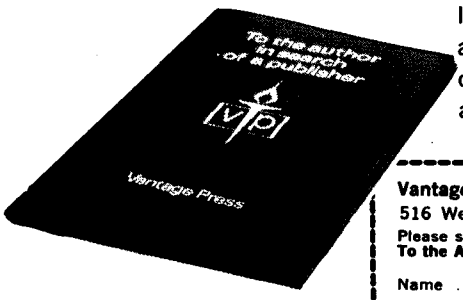

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[ALICE] WIDNER:

Teachers of Destruction:

Today in our country, all Communists and Marxists . . . are teachers of destruction, not peaceful reformers working for the gradual improvement of our society. They instruct their pupils to be against the entire past and existing traditional social and political order of things.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 767)

VEPCO Vindicated

In an article in NATIONAL REVIEW ["PEPCO Implicated," June 8], there is a parenthetical statement we would like to correct for future reference.

The statement is: "(A PEPCO subsidiary, Virginia Electric and Power Company, or VEPCO, services the CIA's sprawling headquarters complex in suburban Langley, Va.)."

We thought you would want to know that Virginia Electric and Power Company is not a subsidiary of PEPCO. VEPCO is a completely independent, stockholder-owned corporation operating in Virginia and parts of North Carolina and West Virginia.

DONALD B. MCCAMMOND
Vice President
Richmond, Va. VEPCO

Gazzaniga, Pro and Con

I am astounded that *NR* published a piece by Michael Gazzaniga ["Science and the Nixon Administration," May 25] calling for increased government involvement in scientific research. The article contains the following statements:

"The whole system interacts in a complex way and the standard procedures of . . . free enterprise are not widely applicable."

". . . there is little chance private sources will . . . take up the slack, . . . they couldn't possibly begin to fill the need."

"Science is too big, too important, and too expensive . . . to be supported without government help. . . . If America wants to continue to grow and to improve its quality of life . . ."

Mr. Gazzaniga writes as if he were an adviser to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Boston, Mass. JOHN W. N. HICKEY

Professor Gazzaniga has correctly pointed out the two most serious problems facing American science today: overcentralization of funding and a lack of adequate communication of the role of basic research. Undoubtedly much of the trouble is due to the Administration's attempts to cut the high cost of government; nevertheless we are in danger of throwing the baby out with the bathwater.

The public should know, for example, that it is impossible to develop a cure for cancer without adequate knowledge of basic molecular and cell biology. Yet these areas of basic research have been sharply cut back in recent years.

As long as America depends on technology for her health and prosperity we must realize that investments in basic research bring an enormous return.

Pasadena, Calif. STEVEN E. BRAUTH

The Colonels' Greece

Thank you for James Burnham's column, "End of the Colonels?" [June 22]. I have read *Nightmare in Athens*, *The Greek Tragedy*, and the Melina Mercouri story, and have seen the film *Z*—all of which are very disturbing and very convincing, *unless* one has been to Greece since 1967 as Mr. Burnham and I have. Aside from an article by Milton Viorst in the *Washington Evening Star* (Oct. 22, 1970), his article is the first I have read that gives a picture of Greece as I found it in 1970 and 1971. I spent a total of seven weeks there, and I found warm, generous, happy people who have a sense of pride and personal dignity combined with a love for life, and who are apparently free of the pressures, hang-ups, and tensions that one senses immediately upon arrival in Istanbul, and that, alas, have become more and more a part of the American way of life. I do not mean to imply that Greece does not have problems. Life there is not easy, but the people are not repressed, as so many writers would have us believe, and the quality of life there is something to be envied. Greeks are not afraid of hard work—and they do work hard—but they also know how to play. They are not ashamed to laugh, or to cry, or to love; and, miracle of miracles, one can walk down the streets of Athens at midnight in safety and without fear.

My greatest concern for Greece is not the takeover of the Colonels, but that she will be corrupted by the takeover of the American Tourist.

ANTHEA de FOREST MELLON
New York, N.Y.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Trading with Brezhnev

On The Right

New York, June 30—Mr. Brezhnev says he simply cannot understand why any American legislator would want anything to stand in the way of improved relations with the Soviet Union in general, and improved commercial relations with the Soviet Union in particular. Specifically he argues against the Jackson Amendment, which would deny commercial advantages to the Soviet Union unless it repealed the emigration tax which it levies in particular against Jews who desire to emigrate to Israel.

In pursuit of this goal, Mr. Brezhnev invited top legislative leaders to lunch and talked to them for several hours. His approach was what one might call Russian Heavy. To Senator Frank Church, he said, "I have seen pictures of you and I always knew I would like you when I met you." Senator Church did not wince, although no doubt it crossed his mind that the men Brezhnev has liked during his long public career have been those who have shown themselves professionally adept at tyranny, partners in the enterprise described by Mr. Henry Kamm of the *New York Times* a year or so back as "the greatest assault ever mounted upon the human spirit."

The term "improved" relations is one that puzzles, mostly because it has come to be used fetishistically. Beginning with the material order, what is it the Soviet Union has that we want? It is in moments of such stress as this that words like "bauxite" cross one's lips.

Okay, and what else? Gas—ten years from now. If we want gas that badly, why not use some of our own, even at the risk of squirting a can of oil on some Alaskan tundra? Gold? We have gone out of the business of buying gold. Dollars, yes. But the Soviet Union has no dollars. The Soviet Union has to come to American corporations to borrow dollars.

If Brezhnev in a swoon of enthusiasm decided to elope with the United States, there is absolutely nothing material he could supply us with by way of dowry. Don't you understand, the Russians have *nothing* to buy things from us with. They have only American credit. All that they can do for us is prospective. What we can do for them is immediate. And the Communists want our help immediately because they are in a hell of a jam economically, and one is just cynical enough to suspect that if they were not in such an economic jam, Mr. Brezhnev would find the profile of Senator Church less alluring.

What can the Soviet Union give us of an extra-material kind? Well: cultural exchange. Have we not just finished signing a cultural exchange agreement? Yes, and it's the same old thing again. Better than nothing, but the equivalent of sending a packet of Band-Aids into Hiroshima. A few dozen graduate students, one or two exhibitions in nine Russian cities, maximum 28 days per city. The cultural agreement is phrased that "both countries" agree to so many students and "both countries" to so many exhibitions and "both countries" to so many art shows.

Hell, we couldn't care less if the Soviet Union sent over 100,000 students, if every ballet dancer in Russia set out for America, if *Pravda* brought in a million copies a day of its Orwellian concentrate. The fact of the matter is: You can't buy a single American periodical in Moscow. The Voice of America and Radio Liberty beamed into Russia are still jammed, which is a deteriorated condition over that of 1968, which is when jamming was reimposed. Organic progress toward coexistence requires the free flow of information. Brezhnev has shown no interest whatever in this.

FINALLY we stand to gain from Russia freedom for the captive nations, which subject if it were raised in Brezhnev's presence would cause him to go home shaking his fist. And we have to gain genuine demilitarization. On this score, the Soviet Union skunked Richard Nixon in SALT I, reducing us to an inferior status and freezing Soviet superiority in certain fields. Thanks to yet another amendment by Jackson (what would we do without him?) the Senate is on record as opposed to any further polarization of strength in SALT II, concerning which Brezhnev has not been heard to say a public word. And, of course, to the extent we help him with our economic credits, we ease the strain of the Soviet Union's productive capacity for the manufacture of—arms.

"Grandmother, what big teeth you have!" Senator Church might have replied to Mr. Brezhnev. □

DEAD END WITH THE COURTS

New York, July 2—There is a quite general dismay in the afflicted sections of the country following the Supreme Court's perverse decision on the matter of the private schools. What the Court said, in effect, is this: Look, the First Amendment doesn't permit support of religion. Now however deviously you achieve the support of religious schools, that is what you are doing when, as in the State of New York, you permit a taxpayer whose child goes to a private school to itemize a part of that cost as a tax credit.

Now this decision came as a considerable surprise. It upset a half-dozen laws that were either in operation, or poised to go into operation. It upset a congressional bill that had the approval of the Administration, and was working its way quite peacefully through the House Ways and Means Committee, recently liberated from Mr. Emanuel Celler. Paul Blanshard is still alive and has not been heard to condemn the entire thing as a plot to repeal the First Amendment, instigated in Rome.

Moreover, in 1970 the Court had made an enticing distinction. "Obviously," it said in the *Walz* decision, "a direct money subsidy would be a relationship pregnant with involvement." In other words, the Court was saying that a state could not directly aid a church-related school by plunking state money into the coffers of said school. But then it went on to say, "the grant of a tax exemption [however] is not sponsorship, since the government does not transfer part of its revenue to churches . . ." It was on that toehold that the legislators slowly built their structure, and now it too has collapsed.

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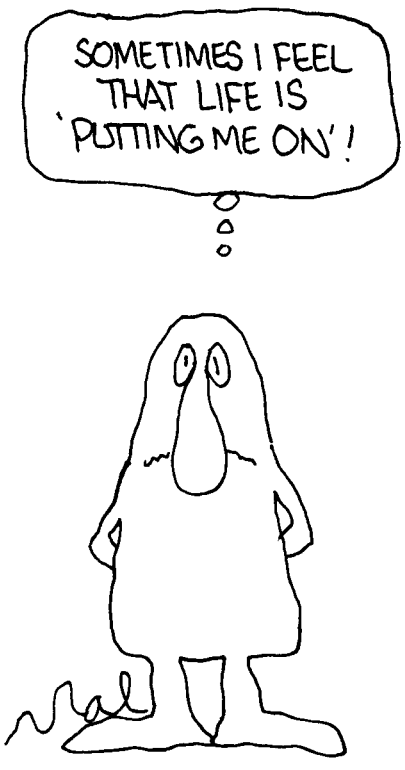
I truly wonder that all the recent talk is of executive tyranny. At least one measure of the security of any kind of tyranny is the kind of opposition it provokes. When it was widely held that President Lyndon Johnson and, after him, Richard Nixon were waging an unlawful war in Indochina, there was opposition in Congress, in the academy, and in the streets. Today it is everywhere proclaimed that the arrogance of the Executive is bringing on a constitutional crisis, that nothing less than deep surgery will cure the situation and save American democracy.

Who now speaks about judicial tyranny? It is hard to remember when last the Constitution was amended in order to reverse or to clarify a ruling of the Court. The essential facts in the current situation are these. The Bill of Rights is among other things there to protect this country from the establishment of a state religion. There are fewer Americans who desire a state religion than Americans who want to bring over the Habsburg Pretender to rule over us. The overwhelming majority of Americans believe that freedom of religion includes freedom to operate religious-oriented schools. The Supreme Court, in *Pierce* v. *The Society of Sisters*, ruled as long ago as 1925 that it was unconstitutional for any state to establish a monopoly of public schools. Yet a monopoly of public schools is exactly the direction toward which we are headed under the fanatical prodding of a Court that transforms a simple phrase in the Constitution forbidding the establishment of religion, into a prohibition against elementary toleration of other people's tastes as to where they desire their children to be educated.

The time has now come either for the religious schools to prepare to collapse, or to be open only to the wealthy few; or to pass a constitutional amendment. Rabbi Morris Sherer, who heads a coalition of sectarian and non-sectarian private schools that has pressed for tax credit legislation, has called a meeting in Washington for next week to discuss the alternatives. There are none. One wishes that a few more people in America would accept the authority of the word of God as compliantly as they do the word of the Supreme Court. □



CHILEAN NOTES

New York, July 1—Mr. Tad Szulc, foreign correspondent for the *New York Times* for twenty years, reported recently at a Temple University seminar, that coverage of Latin American affairs in the United States press is "bad." He is correct. One fears, however, that the conference Mr. Szulc addressed, at which four hundred educators from forty Pennsylvania colleges participated, suggests that if coverage were done by American specialists on Latin American affairs, the coverage would not greatly improve. As witness conclusions about Chile, paraphrased by Professor Jerry Knudsen of Temple University's Department of Journalism.

Fernando Alegria, described as "one of Chile's most distinguished writers," informed the congress that "reporters who have said there is chaos in Chile are referring only to the chaos they have in their own minds."

→Mr. Algeria is—how to put it?—not quite one of Chile's most distinguished writers. But he is, as Professor Knudsen did not trouble to relate, the Chilean Cultural Attaché to the U.S. in Oakland, California. Cultural attachés are appointed by the government. Alegria can be expected to serve the line of President Allende as slavishly as Ron Ziegler serves the line of President Nixon. On whether the situation is chaotic: On May 5, Allende declared Santiago an emergency zone.

The conference reported that "in 1971 industrial production increased 12 per cent—the best record in thirty years—and copper mining production increased 6 per cent, although the rate of this increase declined a year later."

→It is true that copper production increased by 12 per cent. But "good" coverage of Latin American affairs should have brought out a few qualifying figures. At the end of 1970, shortly after Allende's election, two new mines were completed: La Exotica and La Andina. 1970's output was 716,000 tons. The two new mines were expected to bring 1971 production to 1,200,000 tons. Instead the figure was 741,000 tons.

The conference heard that "food consumption went up 27 per cent in 1972, despite political sabotage from the rightist opposition which has withheld production and encouraged hoarding."

→In 1970, Chile imported $185 million of food—$50 million of so-called tropical foods (coffee, sugar, cacao, bananas, none of which grow in Chile), and $135 million of general foods (wheat, corn, butter, meat, all of which are produced in Chile).

In 1972 the imports increased to $420 million. Allende's excuse is that food prices have risen all over the world, and that food consumption in Chile has increased because the poor are eating more. But analysis shows that the disparity between the importation of the tropical foods which are necessarily imported (up to 20 per cent) and general foods (up over 100 per cent), which are imported only because they are not grown internally, suggests that Allende is covering up for great agricultural crises that almost everywhere result from nationalization and thoughtless land redistribution. Meanwhile there are shortages, there is rationing, and in twelve months ending in 1972 there was inflation of 173 per cent—the highest in the world of any country not at war.

THE conference heard that "the Allende government has been the most liberal in civil liberties of any government in Chile's history."

→Early in his career, Allende put economic pressure on one major publishing complex and killed it. Opposition newspapers are still technically free, but the economic attrition, skillfully orchestrated by state agencies, makes their survival problematic. Meanwhile, the single national television channel is government-owned, and grinds out government propaganda of the kind that was served up at the conference at Temple University.

So it goes. There is no apparent end to the enthusiasm in academic circles for any left-wing national adventure. One wonders what the same gang would have done to a report detailing the enormous economic progress of Greece under the Colonels. The sad thing about it is that Allende will probably yield, in due course, to colonels in the traditional Latin American style. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. He made last World Series outs as base runner and outfielder (1926, 1928)
104 154 188 42 13 139 132 28

B. World Series fielding hero several years ago
108 53 190 202 121 59 138 125

C. Former major league park
9 69 102 107 119 128 129 151 172 193 204

D. He pitched against WORD A in 1916 World Series
114 67 49 75 15

E. Unscramble SAW WINTER
131 54 100 133 34 82 196 146 23

F. He played against Cardinals in 1928 and for them in 1934 World Series
140 183 199 217 113 162 176 63 76 85 173

G. Pitcher who won games in 1929, 1930, and 1931 World Series
191 164 86 197 212 55 70 169

H. A member of the International League
206 179 214 201 16 170 57 21 92

I. Days in the Julian Calendar
29 41 64 83

J. Pitcher who won 27 games in 1956 season
24 37 87 137 215 8 184 101

K. Pitcher who won in 1920 and 1931 World Series but not in 1930
122 38 194 10 221 186

L. Pinch-hitter who ruined no-hitter in 1947 World Series
150 61 144 88 126 225 17 47 207

M. Away from the main highways
2 32 80 97 106 136 153 168 185 198 211 216 118 142 157 160

N. This oscillates on its journals instead of revolving
19 177 147 116 89 210 103 205 171

O. Aaron has appeared here in World Series games, but not Moses
96 40 62 72 81 7 35 44 56 1 77 5 22

P. A diffusion through a semipermeable membrane typically separating a solvent and a solution that tends *to equalize their concentrations*
46 192 208 25 149 223 174

Q. The most obese
167 90 175 200 105 222 209

R. A type of feline
36 110 218 11 3 71 130 159

S. What Ku Kluxers were
48 4 123 95 12 31

T. Pitcher for Brooklyn and Cincinnati, 1924-1929
68 18 6 182 219 50 163 73

U. What Wambsganss was
161 26 51 124 145 180

V. Tried again
78 20 27 33 220 181 93 195

W. Japanese general, World War II
84 74 112 120

X. The grand duke of Vladimir, 1353-1359
43 60 66 111 115 135 117 143 148 155 158 165 178

Y. What Ivar Kreuger was
39 127 45 65 98 109 189 156 187 203

Z. Old Icelandic literary works
99 152 166 94 52

a. Bought in one market and sold short in another
134 14 30 58 79 141 91 213 224

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 804 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 O	2 M		3 R	4 S	5 O		6 T	7 O	8 J	9 C	10 K	11 R	12 S	13 A		14 a	15 D	16 H		
17 L	18 T	19 N	20 V	21 H		22 O	23 E	24 J		25 P	26 U		27 V	28 A	29 I	30 a	31 S		32 M	
33 V	34 E	35 O	36 R	37 J	38 K		39 Y	40 O	41 I	42 A		43 X	44 O		45 Y	46 P		47 L	48 S	
49 D	50 T	51 U		52 Z	53 B		54 E	55 G	56 O	57 H		58 a	59 B		60 X	61 L	62 O	63 F	64 I	
	65 Y	66 X	67 D	68 T		69 C	70 G	71 R	72 O		73 T	74 W		75 D	76 F	77 O	78 V	79 a		
80 M	81 O	82 E	83 I	84 W	85 F	86 G		87 J	88 L	89 N		90 Q	91 a	92 H	93 V	94 Z	95 S	96 O		
97 M	98 Y	99 Z	100E	101J		102C	103N	104A	105Q		106M	107C	108B	109Y	110R	111X		112W	113F	
114D	115X		116N	117X	118M	119C		120W	121B		122K	123S	124U	125B	126L		127Y	128C		
129C	130R	131E	132A		133E	134a		135X	136M		137J	138B	139A	140F	141a		142M	143X		
144L	145U	146E	147N	148X		149P	150L	151C	152Z		153M	154A	155X	156Y		157M	158X		159R	
160M	161U	162F	163T		164G	165X	166Z		167Q	168M	169G	170H	171N	172C	173F		174P	175Q	176F	
177N	178X		179H	180U		181V	182T	183F		184J	185M	186K	187Y		188A	189Y	190B	191G		
192P	193C	194K	195V		196E	197G	198M	199F		200Q	201H	202B	203Y	204C		205N	206H	207L	208P	
	209Q	210N	211M		212G	213a	214H	215J	216M	217F	218R	219T	220V	221K		222Q	223P	224a	225L	

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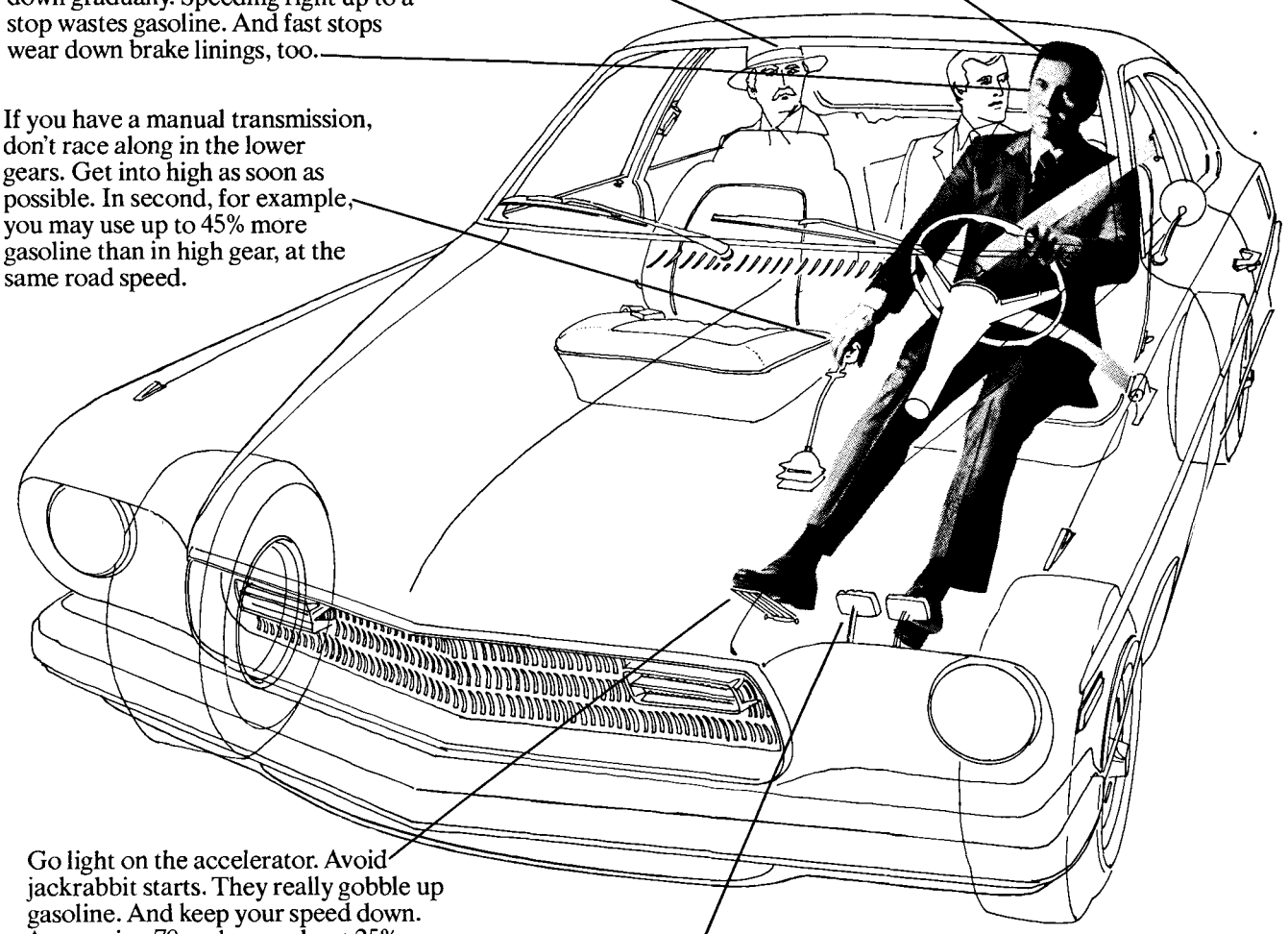
Anticipate stops. Look ahead for red lights and stop signs, so you can slow down gradually. Speeding right up to a stop wastes gasoline. And fast stops wear down brake linings, too.

If you have a manual transmission, don't race along in the lower gears. Get into high as soon as possible. In second, for example, you may use up to 45% more gasoline than in high gear, at the same road speed.



Go light on the accelerator. Avoid jackrabbit starts. They really gobble up gasoline. And keep your speed down. A car going 70 mph uses about 25% more gasoline than one going 50 mph.

Don't ride the brake. Even light pressure on the brake pedal, especially with power brakes, makes your engine work much harder and wastes gasoline. So brake only when you need to slow down or stop.

TEXACO

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San Franciscan Hotel chooses Milliken carpet for good looks, good value, good delivery.

The charm of old San Francisco has always been reflected in this distinguished, PSA-owned hotel. Retaining that charming, homelike atmosphere was the chief concern of a recent redecorating project.

"We wanted the glowing look of an Axminster pattern in quality carpet at a practical price. And we needed it fast," says J. Free, PSA Director of Building and Maintenance. "Fortunately, we found the answer in the Milliken line."

That answer was a brilliant, jewel-toned pattern from Milliken's Palace Lights collection. The pattern: "Westminster" in a special coloration. With pile of 100% continuous filament nylon, the carpet has the high degree of durability and easy maintenance Milliken demands. Some 13,000 square yards of it now decorate the San Franciscan Hotel.

For complete information on the Palace Lights collection and all Milliken contract carpet systems, call or write: Deering Milliken, Inc., Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange, Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

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